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THE TIGER

The Tiger

Vol. II.



Edited by the
Staff of 1917
of the
Warsaw High School
Warsaw Indiana

1917

THE TIGER

DEDICATION

TO WARSAW HIGH SCHOOL,
HER GLORIOUS PAST,
HER SPLENDID PRESENT,
HER GREAT FUTURE,
THIS, THE 1917 "TIGER",
IS DEDICATED.

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FOREWORD

TO SHOW US IN OUR WORK,
TO SHOW US IN OUR PLAY,
TO SHOW THE HAPPY MOMENT,
WHEN VICTORY COMES OUR WAY,
TO SHOW US IN DEFEAT,
AND HOW TO BEAR IT TOO,
THESE ARE THINGS
THIS BOOK SHOULD DO.

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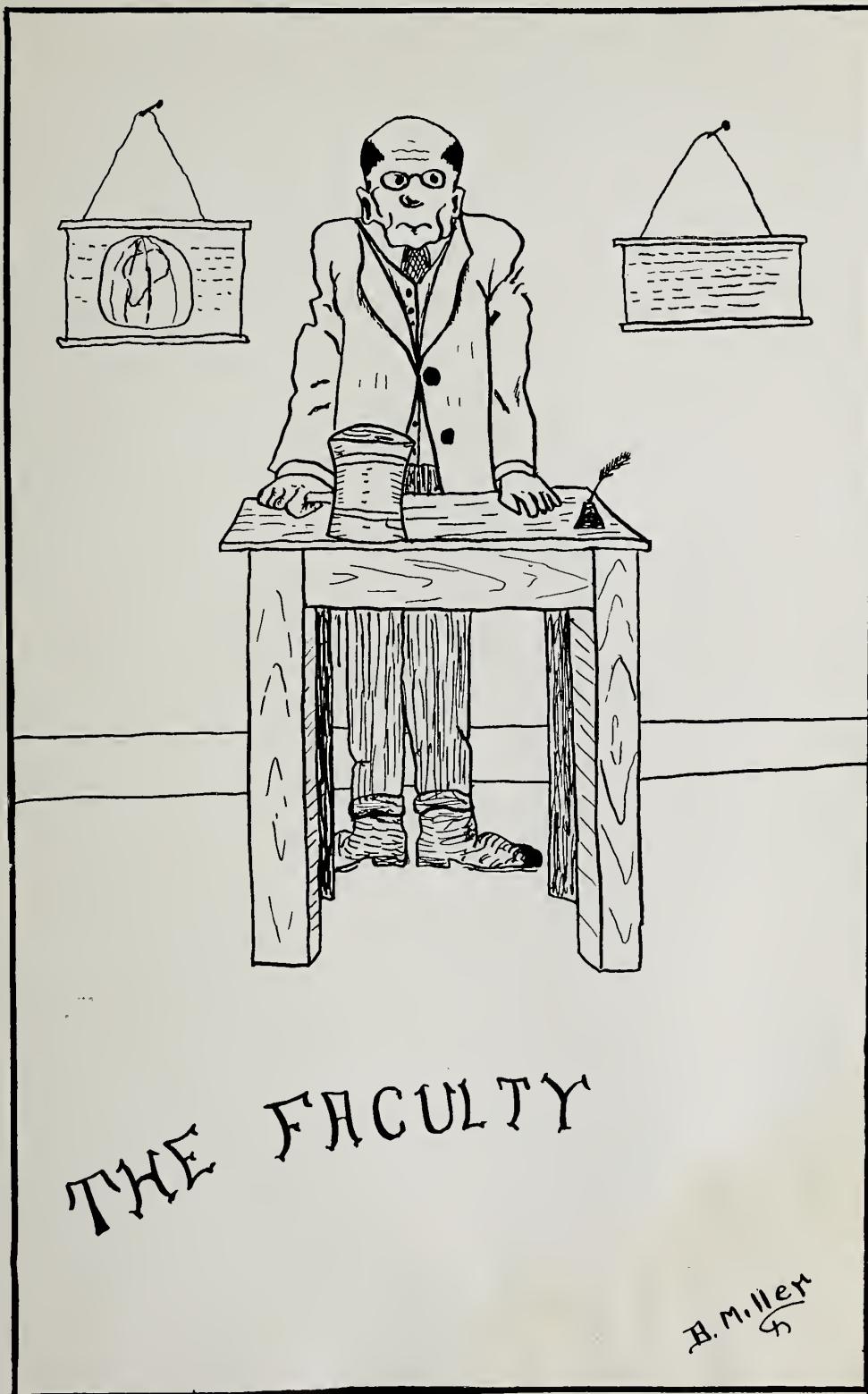
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Teacher of Drawing



CARRIE M. JAQUES
Teacher of Music



WE wish to extend a vote of thanks to the faculty for its active support in publishing this Annual, especially to Miss Simons for her excellent criticism and untiring labor as faculty critic of the "Tiger."

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AT WORK ??

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EDITORIAL

Editor's Greeting



HIS—the thirty-ninth year of Warsaw High School life has been an unusually happy one. No school could have done more for its students. This year has been full of interesting events, pleasant associations and solid work. Never before have school interests, school loyalty, and school spirit mounted so high as during the past year.

Our Superintendent and Principal have both realized that the pupils are in a position to see the needs of the school. The students have been encouraged to give their ideas. Every pupil in the High School has some pleasant memories of these two men. He remembers the advice that helped in time of perplexities and trouble. He remembers the kindness and consideration shown him when he most needed them. He remembers the cheerful, helpful talks about his plans for the future. He remembers their inclination to listen to and consider any suggestion to which he has given serious thought. Indeed, we are not at all sure but that the office is the center of all our boasted High School spirit. It is, indeed, the heart of the school.

Societies which went out of school in 1912 are again blossoming forth. The parties, the plays, the contests, the debates, our music, the assemblies, and athletics; all have aroused an unusual interest and found a strong support. They in turn, have done their part in making this a great year.

So now, we, a group of seven students, members of the Senior Class, have been chosen by you, the student body, to put forth a "Tiger" to represent and picture the year of student life in this school. Let us say that we all appreciate and acknowledge the responsibility of our position. To put forth an Annual of this kind, we have had to study the school activities of the last nine months most carefully. After doing this, we found that to record all the interesting happenings was practically impossible. So we have been forced to cut down and omit much which would have been recorded. We have tried to select those events which stand out and out-shine the rest. We have tried to be impartial and unprejudiced. We admit our judgment has not always been correct; we are only human beings, but we have done our best towards making this year's "Tiger" a fair representative of the year's work. In looking over the pages of this book we ask you "to regard our virtues kindly and to treat our errors blindly." We wish to express our thanks to the many people who by their encouragement, their criticism, by their advice, and their kind suggestions have done much towards making this Annual what it is. We wish to thank the school as a whole for its loyal and active support.

If, in after years, the pages of this book bring back a connected chain of

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thoughts and happy mem'ries to you, we, the staff of the "Tiger," shall feel that our labors have been amply rewarded. We now leave it in your hands. In closing, we ask you all—Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen—to join us in the following: "Here's to the memories of dear old Warsaw, whose faculty and student body stand for ethics and learning, school spirit, and school loyalty. We, the students, do pledge our hearts, our souls, and our sacred honor to love and protect thee, our school, and be loyal to thee forever."

The Alumni



URING the centennial celebration last July, an unusual affair was held in this city. People came from all parts of the country to attend. The first Alumni Banquet was the occasion. It was held at the Methodist Church. For many years a meeting of this character has been desired but owing to the difficulty of assembling, plans never materialized. However, the commemoration of Indiana's one hundredth birthday offered the opportunity and arrangements were made accordingly.

The affair was delightfully informal. The guests met in the Groves auditorium where they were greeted by Miss Jennie Frazer, Mrs. F. E. Bowser and Prof. H. S. Kaufman. In fact, so thoroughly did they enjoy themselves renewing old acquaintances and chatting with their old schoolmates whom the passing years had drifted far apart that it was past seven when they repaired to the banquet hall.

The hall was profusely decorated in high school colors, the orange and the black. Banks of palms, ferns and white lilies were arranged most effectively. The tables were bedecked with garlands of flowers and ferns by the Methodist ladies who served. White carnations were the favors given to the three hundred and nineteen guests. (Everyone assembled in their class according to their graduation year, and marched to their places). All being seated the old class rolls were read. Altho many members were absent, none was forgotten. Some classes had a hundred percent attendance, others were represented with only a few.

After the courses were served, the program was given, Edgar E. Hendee, of San Diego, Cal., acting as toastmaster. The invocation was made by Rev. John Lovell, of Long Branch, N. J., '81. Toasts were given by Mel Frasier, '79, Los Angeles, Cal.; Bramwell Baker, '83; Earl Davenport, '95, of Chicago; Elmer Funk, '95; Maxwell G. Phillips, '80, of Victoria, B. C.; Mrs. W. W. Reed, '81. Solos were rendered by Floyd Stevens, '07; Gladys Yost, '15, and Mrs. Ethel Wallace Dufur. A reading was also given by Miss Marguerite Bumbaugh, '14. Mrs. Mary Shaffer Gibson, '78, of Evanston, who was in the first graduating class, also made a short talk. Music was furnished by Joe Maroni, an old time harpist of Warsaw.

The program lasted for more than three hours, and the graduates, teachers, and guests enjoyed the many excellent toasts and vocal selections. All the speakers, while making but brief and informal talks brought forth much merriment in relating incidents of former days at the old Cowan School and later in the old Center Ward building, and were allowed to speak on any subject desired, yet no two addresses were alike. All showed plainly the influence that the reunion with old schoolmates had upon the speakers. School days were the entire subject of expressions.

A telegram from the militia boys at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, Indiana, "Co. H sends greetings to the H. S. Alumni" signed "Co. H Alumni," sent a thrill of patriotism through the crowd. A large percentage are former graduates or classmen. Toasts were drunk to Co. H.

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Mind Over Matter

[A short story written by one of Warsaw's Alumni, Howard Brubaker, '99, now a journalist and author in New York City.]

Once there was a high school—I mention no names—which found itself facing certain defeat in the approaching football game. The coach had done his best but the team was rather a sorry outfit; the line leaked like a sieve and it took the backs a long time to pass a given point. The coach meditated sadly upon these things on his way home from afternoon practice. It was clear that everything was lost including honor. Suddenly, down in the business section of the town, he saw something that interested him very much; and when he went home his face was wreathed in smiles.

When the team lined up for the big game there was a stranger in the midst, a high, wide stranger, built rather upon the lines of the Kosciusko County court house. His name, it seemed, was Young and he had to be introduced to the other members of the team because he had never found it convenient to go to the High School. It is a painful fact that coaches were not as particular in such matters then as they are today. Now, Young was an experienced milker and a champion pitcher of hay but he had never personally met a football game. The coach tried to give him the fine points of the game but nothing seemed to soak in very far. Finally the coach in despair told Young that there was only one thing to remember: that he must put the ball over that east goal line as early and as often as possible and try to avoid manslaughter if convenient.

When he once got the hang of the thing the imported player proved to be a very powerful ally. He tossed the hated enemy about as if they were bags of oats. It was to his custom of personally stepping upon the opposing team that the nameless High School owed the one touchdown they got in the first half; whenever the enemy tried to gain it found Young giving an imitation of a barn door and slamming himself shut in their faces.

In those days the teams changed goals only at the beginning of the second half. Everybody in the world knew this except Young. When he got the ball he knew that there was only one thing to do with it: they were facing the other way but they couldn't fool him. So he turned and ran toward the east goal.

The crowd broke into a roar of dismay but Young thought it was meant for applause and redoubled his efforts. Both teams started after him but they never had a chance. Finally in desperation, the coach darted out from the side lines, tackled him and brought him down. The visiting team protested but the referee could find nothing in his book to forbid a coach tackling a member of his own team. He held that they had already penalized themselves enough to satisfy the law. And so the locals saved themselves from an ingrowing touchdown and finally won the game. But Young wound up his academic career then and there and went home.

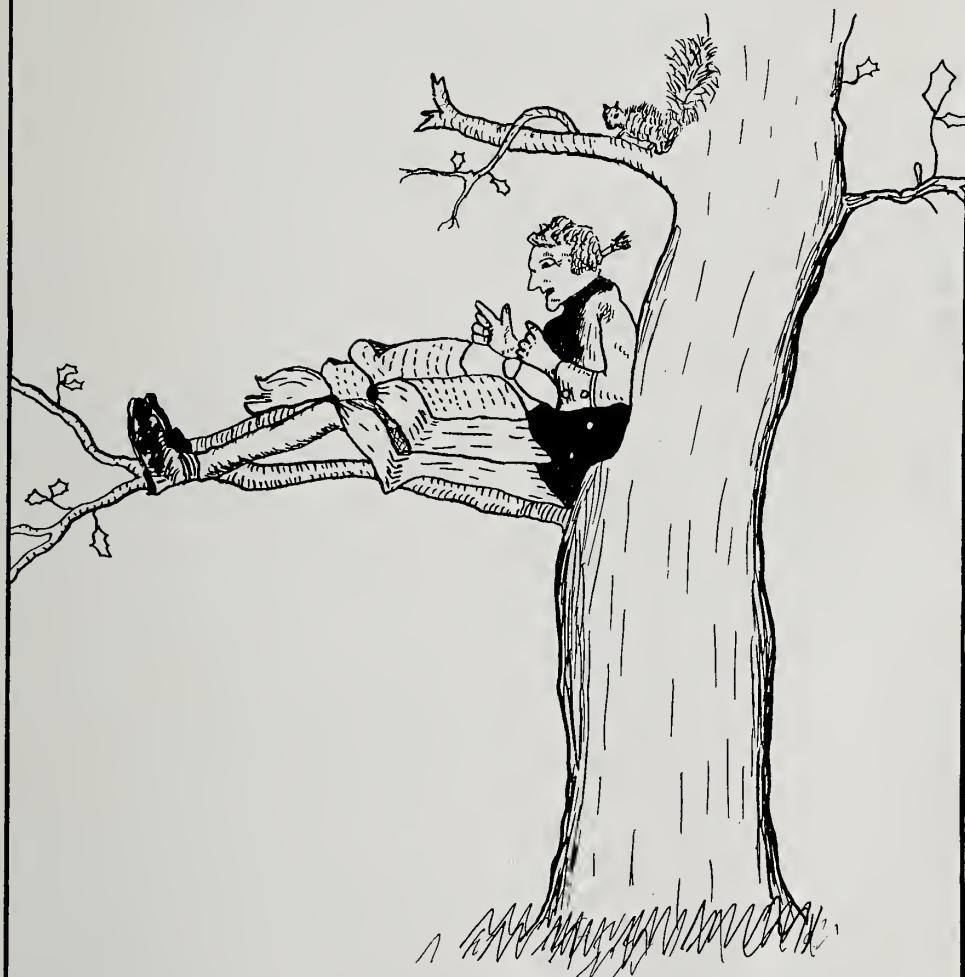
HOWARD BRUBAKER.

[It has been rumored that this a true story of Warsaw's first football team in 1896, featuring Henry Schade.]—Editor's Note.

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LITERARY



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The Refugee



T was Christmas day on one of the bloody battle-fields of Europe. Within sight of each other the army of the Germans and that of the Allies lay in their trenches. Enemies? Yes, in one sense the bitterest of foes; in another, they were merely men who in the grip of circumstances over which they had no control, were fighting because they must. On this Christmas day in nineteen-fifteen, the spirit of "peace on earth, good will to men" exerted its influence over even these poor soldiers in the trenches. A truce was declared for the day, and all hostilities were laid aside. Germans and Allies spent the day together, swapping tobacco, spinning yarns and talking of the good old days before the war. More than one expressed the wish that he had gone to America before this dreadful war began. But when the day was over, its spirit, too, departed and once again the Germans and Allies were men of opposing armies.

Among the ranks of the Allies was Tom Gray, a Scoteman, about forty years of age. He did not want to fight, but like thousands of others, was compelled to serve his country thus. In a battle, some time in the spring of nineteen-sixteen, Gray was wounded and left lying helpless on the battle-field. Here he was found by the Red Cross people, and taken to an army hospital. Upon investigation it was found that he had a bullet wound in his left side near his heart, and in his right side a wound made by a bayonet. Week after week he suffered in the hospital, with only such rude attentions as could be given one among the wounded hundreds. When, at the end of three months, he was once more able to walk about, he was given a three weeks' furlough to go home and visit his family in Scotland, for in that far-away country he had a wife and three daughters, whom he had not seen for over two years. So he started for home, but when he reached Glasgow, an unexpected opportunity presented itself for him to take passage on a vessel bound for America.

Now came such a struggle within his own mind as Tom Gray had never imagined. Should he seize this opportunity of escaping from the bloody battle-fields of Europe, and risk the chance of capture and death for desertion? Or should he go home and spend these few days with his family, then return to the soldier's hated duties and probable early death? The struggle was brief; he recalled the express desire of his wife that he might escape to America where, when the war was over, she might join him. He thought, too, of his older brother, Roderick, who for fifteen years had been living in that land of plenty, and this thought decided him.

"I'll go to Roderick," was his conclusion.—"I'll take out my papers for citizenship over there, and never more will I go back to fight those for whom I have no feelings of enmity." His mind once made up, he hastened to disguise himself as fully as possible. Going to an obscure second-hand store, in Glasgow, he bought himself a suit of clothes and an old suit case, drew a small amount of money from the bank where his wife had placed it at his disposal, and boarded the vessel bound for America. Five other Scotch soldiers, released on furlough at the same time with Gray, boarded the same ship in an attempt to escape from further duties in the army. Going at once to his state-

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room, Gray removed all his clothing by which he might be identified, and put on the suit he had bought at the second-hand store. The clothes he took off, he placed in the suit case, which he shoved through a port-hole into the Atlantic. The other Seotehmen did likewise, with the exception that they retained their army under-clothing. When the vessel landed at New York, Gray passed the inspection of the customs officials, but the other five were identified by their under-clothing and returned to Europe, where they were doubtless shot for desertion.

And now Tom Gray stood for the first time, a free man in a free country, but he was in the grip of fear lest he be recognized as a deserter, and taken back to the ship. To him, every blue-coated policeman was a menace; he felt that safety lay alone in making his escape far inland, away from the city of New York. So he sought a railway station, and boarded the first out-going train. He soon found this was bearing him southward along the coast, so he changed to a westbound train on the Pennsylvania road. He remembered that his brother's address was in Springfield, Ill., so he continued in that direction, paying his way as long as his money lasted.

When finally his money was all gone, he got off the train, and found himself in the city of Fort Wayne, Ind. Here he tried to find work, but failing, started on foot toward the city of Chicago where, he was given to understand, he might secure work. But at the freight yards he was invited to ride on a flat car, by a kind-hearted brakeman, who happened to be of his own nationality.

"Ye'll not be walking all that way," he said, "Jest make yersel to hame, and ye'll no be disturbed." But Gray was unaccustomed to such riding, and as the train gained speed, he held on with both hands, fearing every moment that he would be hurled to the ground.

At the first stop Tom hastened to make his escape from this—to him—perilous position. This stop happened to be at the freight-yards of Warsaw. Tom jumped to the ground and started north. Just a few steps brought him to the open door of a garage. Here he entered into a conversation with one of the workmen, wondering what chance there might be for work in Warsaw. The proprietor, upon hearing his story, gave him a temporary job. Tom at once showed himself so diligent, intelligent, cheerful and trustworthy, that he was hired with the understanding that his job would last as long as his service was satisfactory. A little room was furnished for him, where he might live and board himself. Here he seemed as proud and happy as a king in his palace. Every day he talked of his plans for the future.

Tom was so happy in his new-found freedom that he forgot his resolutions to be cautious, and talked quite freely of his escape from his hated military servitude in Europe. He even wrote a letter to his brother Roderick in Springfield, telling him of his escape and his present employment. But much as he desired to communicate with his wife, his knowledge that every letter crossing the ocean would be strictly censured, prevented his writing to her.

"She'll no be worrying," he thought, "for she knows what ship I took and will see by the papers that it arrived safe in America."

Many times, at twilight, he would sit with his proprietor's children, telling

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stories of far-off Scotland. One evening as he sat thus, his employer's sixteen-year-old daughter came home from a walk with a friend, a few minutes after dark; Tom opened his eyes wide in astonishment.

"Aye, aye, lassie," he said gravely, "Tis na weel far young folks to be out sa late. In bonny Scotland we could na do so. Ane time whin I wis young, courting my sweetheart, I took her hame sa late as fifteen minnutes past eight, we found her mither greeting; as a punishment far causing her sa muckle grief, I wis forbidden to see my sweetheart agen far a whole week. Tis na weel far lassies to be out sa late."

So all who knew him, learned to like the friendly Scotchman, because he seemed to take such personal interest in all with whom he was associated. Many a good counsel he gave to the little boys, who loved to follow him about while he was at work,—listening to him sing songs of Scotland in his rich baritone voice and broad Scottish accent, or telling stories of his boyhood, so different from their own.

"Don't ye ever be onything but gentlemen, laddies," he would say, "Keep yer hearts an' yer lives an' yer lips clean. This world has too muckle need o' clean men fer bonnie lads like you to grow up to be onything else. This worl's garden is too full o'weeds now. Do ye be useful plants." In his own land Tom had been a landscape gardener, and much of his conversation was tinged with imagery learned in the garden.

As the weeks passed, Tom's interest in his new home seemed to increase, until suddenly one Sunday in August he saw an item in a Chicago paper, that the country was full of spies, looking out for men who might belong to the armies of Europe. Then Tom's peace of mind was gone.

"I've talked too much," he said to his employer, "I've told too many people my story. I fear some one will tell those spies about me." He became nervous and fearful of every stranger who came to the place. Then one day in October he suddenly looked up from his work to see a stranger intently watching him.

"That man is a British spy!" was the first thought which flashed into his mind; he at once found duties to carry him into another part of the building. A short time later he again saw the same man enter the door and stop to look at him. Tom was terror striken! He did not stop to reason or inquire: his employer was absent, and there was no one in whom he wished to confide. Slipping away to his little room, he changed his clothes, came back and told one of the men that a spy was after him and that if caught, he would have to die. And without stopping to even draw the wages that were due him, Tom disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up.

An hour after his disappearance, the stranger whom he had seen walked boldly into the garage and addressed the first workman he came to.

"Where is that brau Scotchman I saw here this morning?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied the man, "Why?"

"Because," the stranger said, "Unless I am mistaken he is Tom Gray, my brother whom I have not seen far fifteen years." The workman looked at the man keenly.

"Your brother!" he said, "What makes you think he is your brother?"

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"This," replied the brother, pulling out the letter Tom had written him soon after his arrival in Warsaw.

"I hae come to take him hame wi' me," he said, "so that I can help protect him frae ony foreign spies." The workman stared at the stranger, convinced of the truth of his statement.

"I'm afraid you are too late," he said, "Tom saw you this morning and took you for a British spy. He's gone—I don't know where."

Roderick Gray immediately began a search for his brother. He remained in Warsaw and the vicinity several days, in hopes that Tom would return. But he did not. When at the end of a week not the slightest clew had been discovered as to the direction the refugee had taken, Roderick sadly returned to his home.

Weeks passed, and his Warsaw friends heard no word from Tom Gray. Was he somewhere apprehended by spies from the old country and arrested by them? Did he go into hiding under some other name, waiting till such time as he might feel safe to seek his brother? Did he drift to Chicago or some other large city, there to be swallowed up in its maelstrom of poverty-stricken humanity? We do not know, for as far as we are concerned, he is enveloped by a silence as of the tomb.

VIOLA C. NEHER.

Excess Baggage No. 13



OLLY was just an ordinary girl, full of fun, and ready for any adventure which might turn up. Tho' not unusually pretty, she possessed an attractive face with a sauey little nose and merry black eyes. On this particular morning, the girl, standing at the window looking out over the back campus where Willow pond lay sparkling in the morning sun, was thinking of the past four years spent in the southern college from which she had graduated last night. Now she must return to the great city with all its bustle to make her bow in society, with nothing to do but attend a ceaseless round of gaiety.

Suddenly she was recalled from her thoughts on hearing her room-mate remark with her slow drawl, "Molly, you'd better be gettin' yo' trunk packed if you intend to leave on the next train." Indeed, when looking at the clock just two hours remained in which to finish packing, reach the station, procure a ticket and check her baggage. Putting aside all her aircastles, Molly fairly threw things in her trunk but on looking for the key, it was nowhere to be found. She hurriedly unpacked things 'till the missing key came to light; then replacing them tried to turn the key in the lock only to find it broken. At this critical moment in came the baggage man whereupon Molly found some rope for him to tie around the trunk and after tying the lid down he took it away.

By this time fifteen minutes remained to reach the station. Leaving the building, Molly paused a minute to take a farewell glance at the old buildings, and the long avenue of locust trees, now in full bloom, making the air frag-

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rant with their perfume. The old darky who drove the bus was passing by so Molly hailed him.

"Johnny," (his name on the church register was John Alaysius Johnson), resplendent that morning in an old tattered rusty-looking dress suit, had perched on his wooly hair in honor of his fine clothes a tiny derby.

"Oh, Johnny," she called, "Wait! I want to go to the station."

"Deed ah will, Miss Molly, 'deed ah will. I'll be glad to serb you,'" he quavered, at the same time clambering down to hold open the door for her.

"Johnny, tell Aunt Dulée to take care of herself this summer and now hurry as fast as you ean."

Johnny, now leisurely mounted his seat on the rickety bus, whipped up his bony horse and started towards the station where he drew up with a grand flourish. Molly ran into the station and while buying her ticket heard the train whistle in the distance. The sleepy agent handed her a check for her baggage and she hurried on the little platform just as the train was pulling up.

On the platform of the observation car she made a dainty picture of a typleal summer girl. Her eurly hair shone like burnished gold when for a second a tiny sunbeam straying through the leafy trees swiftly flew by. Annoyed beeause the wind tangled her curls and the einders flew in her freshly powdered faee, Molly started in a bored manner at the landscape flying past her. She had been at a finishing school for four years and was now considered ready for her appearance in society.

Then, as the train sped thru a little village nestling near the track, the sound of a bell reminded her of the school gong. Her bored expression changed to a tiny smile as she now tho't of the time when she had turned the school cloek baek an hour. Her plan had gone smoothly 'till one teacher, a tall, gaunt, angular lady had diseovered the slow cloek. In the seareh for the misereant a freshman who always told the truth, spoke of seeing Molly turn the cloek baek. Then, Molly, inwardly vowing revenge, was forced to admit the deed. The ensuing weeks she was campusded came in her mind and there she sat the remainder of the afternoon, thinking of college as the train curved in and out among the hills.

As the sand storm ehanges the desert or the avalanche the mountain side so ensuing events changed the well ordered equilibrium of Molly's life. Suddenly there came a erash: bits of broken glass and splintered wood flew about as the ear in which Molly was traveling jumped the traek and overturned. When Molly next realized what was going on, she found herself in a quaint old four poster bed in a big sunshiny room. Finding she still remained uninjured, she soon arose and a tiny lady who had been sitting on the other side of the room, brought her breakfast. While she ate the tiny lady told how in the evening her husband, hearing the erash, ran to the traek and finding Molly unconscious brought her home with him. Molly, after thanking the woman for her care, asked to be driven to the nearest station and very soon was on her way in spite of the protests of the lady who tho't the girl should stay longer with her. At the station Molly sent a telegram to her uncle assuring him of her safety and telling of the coffin check No. 13, she had received in place of a trunk check, asking that he fix the matter for her. So, having sent the message, Molly prepared to wait for the next train to the eity.

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In a great hotel in the city a pompous, dignified man came into the dining room. Sitting down he began to berate the waiter because his breakfast had not suited him the morning before, then, when he could think of nothing more, testily ordered his breakfast. His food arriving, Mr. Stuart began to read his morning paper the while wondering why Molly had not come, when suddenly he found her name among the missing in the wreck. Scarcely believing what he saw the meanwhile inwardly raging that such a thing could happen on the road of which he was president, Stuart left the table planning to start an investigation of the wreck.

Molly, arriving at the station wondered why her uncle, who always prided himself on being punctual, was not there to meet her but in the crowd she caught a fleeting glance of one of her friends so hurried to catch up with her. Going to the baggage room Molly gave the coffin check to the baggage man and hurriedly telling of the mistake in checks asked him to straighten the matter out giving her uncle's name and his hotel as her address. Then the two girls left the station together chattering like magpies of their school experiences.

In the great hotel Molly's uncle was pacing about the room thinking of Molly when a knock sounded on his door and in stepped two men bearing a coffin which they quietly set down and then as quietly left. But the man continued his ceaseless round of the room feared to open the coffin thinking in it the remains of Molly. About an hour passed in this way when a loud knock sounded on the door and in stepped a tall, powerful looking man.

Mr. Stuart, resenting the intrusion growled, "Well what do you want now?" The man then declared him under arrest and ordered him to the police court. Mr. Stuart, after a series of verbal explosions went with the man.

Arriving at the station, Stuart thought his name enough to convince the judge he was not guilty so recovered his poise.

"Sir," he questioned, "do you know whom your man has arrested?"

"To be sure I do," was the calm rejoinder.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" he stormed.

"I'll tell ye when I've heard your story."

"I am no more guilty of the theft of that old mummy," retorted Stuart, "than—" and just then in came Molly accompanied by another detective. Stuart stared at Molly and Molly stared at him, but when the judge told Stuart to continue he refused to do so and Molly was summoned.

Just as Molly approached the judge a young man wearing a Van Dyke beard stepped toward her and bowing held out a card saying, "Allow me to serve as your attorney."

Molly at first angrily stared at him then haughtily turned her back on him not even deigning to touch or look at the card he held. Then a most miraculous transformation took place; off came the beard and holding out a telegram in his natural voice the man begged Molly to let him explain. She turned, gave him an icy look, turned away again and in frigid tones retorted, "Well, what is there you can possibly say for yourself in disguise at a police station?"

"Molly, I received the telegram you sent your uncle. I knew at the time it was a mistake for your uncle and I have the same name but I tho't it such

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a chance I couldn't resist trying to play a joke on you. I had thought the mummy which was being shipped in a coffin, but knew it was a mistake on receipt of your telegram. I telephoned the police of the message and cautioned them to watch for you. I really didn't intend to let it go this far," he penitently exclaimed, "nor did I expect your uncle to become entangled in the mess."

At this point Molly's uncle glared so fiercely at young Stuart that he stopped his explanations for a minute from sheer surprise. After many more apologies and explanations, Molly finally completely relented, and smiling at him said, "Well, Bob, I guess I'll have to forgive you though I do think it was a mighty mean trick, I'll not let you off so easily next time."

Then the two of them managed to placate the outraged dignity and pride of her uncle. After explaining to the judge, Bob, Molly, and her uncle left the police station leaving behind them the judge, slyly chuckling over a bill Bob had given him, and two very disgusted, disappointed detectives.

ELLEN W. WYMOND.

The Missing Word

THE glowing embers in the grate imbued the walls of the room with tints of red and yellow while dark, mystic shadows danced to the sonorous ticking of the cuckoo clock in the hall. The burnt wood crackled and snapped as it settled down amid the bed of hot coals. Smoke from the dying fire drifted up the chimney, begrimed with soot of year's accumulation. The glowing redness against the dark background was indeed an autumnal sunset. I was wrapt in profound reveries when I heard, to my aroused curiosity, a dwarfish voice in the most high and squeaking tones. I looked around. Save for the ticking of the clock, the room was in perfect silence. Outside it was dark while numberless snowflakes hurried past the windows in silence.

"Well, of all the nerve," exclaimed the same squeaking voice.

Startled, I jumped up from my morris chair. That was the second time I had heard that voice. Surely my imagination was getting the best of me. This time I made a careful survey of the room, glanced hesitatingly under the davenport, investigated the space under the library table, but found no answer as to the cause of this mysterious voice. Thinking that my imagination was the cause of the strange voice, I returned to the morris chair which was so inviting and alluring, and refilling my old fashioned pipe with some tobacco I had been keeping in an old bowl for many years, I resumed my rest.

"Yes, I was talking about YOU. I have had about enough of your treatment. Speak!" the voice shrieked saucily.

"A-a-I don't—"

"Yes, speak!", demanded the voice in more angry tones.

"Well-a-who are you anyway?"

You know well enough. It was only this afternoon that you said you 'et' some pie for dinner. Haven't you any more sense of grammar than that? I am tired of having you bang me around, and I want it stopped immediately. Understand!"

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"I ain't never said that," I replied falteringly, with a guilty conscience.

"Oh, yes, but you did," cried another voice quickly, "and yesterday you said that you liked 'them' things 'pretty' well. I want you to understand that I am not going to be mistreated any more."

"I ain't never said no such thing," I muttered, shivering with superstitious fear.

"And I want to tell you," continued the same voice in an excited pitch, "that you cannot put two negatives in the same sentence. The way you abuse us is disgraceful. Your grammar is worse than a five-year-old."

"That ain't—," I started to say, but caught myself in the act of using another barbarism which had been firmly planted in my mind. I commenced to wonder why they did not accuse me of this crime. Thinking over what they had said, I could not but admit that I was very careless in grammar.

"Poor ain't," they exclaimed with numerous sobs.

"Ain't? ", I repeated curiously.

"Yes, ain't. You have killed him that's all. You murderer!"

Upon shrieking this alarming exclamation in my ears they fell upon me with such fury and rage that I dropped on my knees and besought peace.

"Will you ever use 'ain't' again?", they cried furiously.

"Never, never," I promised earnestly, more than willing to rid myself of these demons of torment.

All at once I found myself sprawled out on the floor, hair ruffled, one slipper off, and much bewildered. Picking myself up I ejaculated, "Well if that ain't the—"

Luther Burbank Lecture



OW white berries were grown on blackberry bushes and the bushes made thornless was explained in a stereoptican lecture, delivered by Dr. Edward Eccleston at the Presbyterian church, Thursday evening, September 28. The lecture, "Luther Burbank, the Man and His Method," was given under the auspices of the Warsaw High School. Dr. Eccleston who is the national lecturer of the Luther Burbank Society, was introduced to the audience of several hundred people by Mayor Richardson of this city.

The speaker used, in connection with his lecture, 180 slides. "Bunny" Ford and Carl Crites operated the machine.

How one man created fruits of better quality, transformed weeds into beautiful flowers, reads like a fairy tale, but all very credible to us, accustomed as we are to marvelous inventions and discoveries of the present age, Burbank, when but a lad of sixteen sold a new potato that he had discovered, for \$150, and set out for the western coast. There in the sunny state of California, he made his home at San Rosa, near San Francisco. At this town he first raised his potatoes which sometimes weighed 3½ pounds or more and were without pimples or blotches. Just this one discovery has proved of vast importance. On his estates, he has hundreds of thousands of plants in cultivation.

In creating a snow-white "black" berry, Dr. Eccleston explained, 65,000 separate bushes were used, 3,200 plum and prune trees were used in another

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experiment. Every tree that is being experimented with, has hundreds of grafts, each one labeled and catalogued. The very best grafts are kept but all the others, regardless of value, are destroyed. As the result of this hard work, cherry trees have produced fruit only 11 months from the time of planting. The cherries have been greatly enlarged; the pits made to cling to the stem, leaving the fruit ready to preserve when plucked. The blackberry and apple crossed; the plum and apricot which resulted in the plumcot, only one of the thousands of his creations; the wild dewberry and raspberry, which created a new fruit; apples perfected, (and made coreless) after 3,000 grafts had been used; Vixon plum which is larger and better, with thick skins for long distant shipping, prunes have been increased to the 9-inch in circumference and without pits, a seemingly impossible accomplishment. The seeds have been transferred to one end of the watermelon; peaches greatly enlarged and perfected—now known as the Crawford peach; peppers have been grown of giant size and weight; sub-tomatoes and even aerial potatoes, an almost incredible creation. Burbank has made the quince soft as an apple, and lily bulbs edible as ordinary fruit.

As for flowers, he has created giant daisies, perfectly white, and eight to ten inches in diameter; and in twenty acres of Diolas has grown flowers of all colors seemingly—dark red—purple—blue—lavender—white, but all only through years of persistent experiment. A Diola he lovingly made of a light blue, just the color of a baby's eyes. The Anorilla flower he produced of mammoth size and all colors of the rainbow. The poppy was changed, it almost seems by his magic wand to a beautiful shade of red. The flower alone measures nine inches in diameter. He has accomplished wonderful results with roses, and flowers of every description, and from all lands of the world.

One of his greatest creations, Dr. Eccleston said, was the spineless cactus. The cactus has always been a desert plant, very hardy and covered, as many tourists have discovered, with fine, penetrating needles. The plant, itself, is excellent food for cattle, but on account of the numberless needles which project on every side it can not be used as it causes to cattle to die. Burbank worked and experimented for a long time, and finally produced a spineless cactus. The plant grows nine feet high, produces ninety to one hundred and fifty per cent of perfect cattle food, and lives longer than one man could raise cattle. Experiments were tried on a first prize Holstein cow, the results were nearly thirty-three and one-third per cent increase per pounds of milk. The plant is also fruit bearing, the fruit being very edible and will no doubt be extensively used in the near future.

Two equally remarkable creations which will greatly influence the grain production of this country, are the giant corn and wheat plants. The former grows seventeen to twenty feet in height and will bear sixty-five bushels to the acre. The mammoth stocks are also excellent for silage. The wheat is larger in size than usual and bears grain heads seven inches long.

If our country could only realize a possible vision of future America: our orchards laden with a multitude of perfect fruit; our gardens earth mines of delicious vegetables; our flowerbeds overflowing with the colors of the rainbow; our fields waving with golden tossels of grain that will eclipse the dreams of Aladdin; the barren desert virtually transformed into profitable ranches of cattle food and glowing fruit; yea, if we could but catch a vision of a world which Burbank has helped God to make more beautiful, we would arise with one accord to say that Luther Burbank, is the greatest living American scientist of this age.

"Gladly did I give forty-three years of my life to pioneering—gladly am I giving the results of that pioneering to the world; perhaps the much slighted soil—foot or acre—finally will come into its own, and love for nature uncover man's dormant love for his own kind."—Luther Burbank.

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The High School Epic

Should you ask me whenee these stories,
Thence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of D. S. room,
With the words and wars of Caesar,
With the raving rage of Robbins,
With the eloquenee of Virgil,
With his frequent repetitions,
And the wild reverberations,
As of Mae in Aneient History,
I should answer, I should tell you
From the Seniors and the Juniors,
From the Sophomores and the Freshmen—
Of the great High Sehool of Warsaw,
Came these poems wild and wayward,
Round about the big Assembly,
Spread the Seniors and the Juniors,
And beyond them were the Sophomores,
By their side the verdant Freshmen
Green this summer, worse this winter,
Ever groaning, ever sighing,
Listening to the words of wisdom,
From the lips of upper elassmen.
Ye, whose minds are green and simple,
Who have faith in Sharp and Herriek,
Who believe that, in all ages
Every teaeher's heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There is pity and eompunetion,
Listen to this proud old annual,
To this song of our own elass room.

TO DYE

By the desk of the Assembly,
By that desk of judgment mighty,
Gitehie Robbins, the all-powerful,
He the master of our High School,
Stood ereet and seratehed his forehead,
Saw the 'nouneement on the blaek board,
“Snake-oil Frazer, the all-mighty,
Calls the warriors to his couneil,
Calls the football men together,”
And at four o’cloek that evening
Said and spake thus then unto them,
“I will give Dye-boy now unto you
For to be your next year’s captain,
Who shall guide you and shall teah you
Who shall toil and suffer with you,
If you listen to his ravings,
You will win each game forever,

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If his counsels pass unheeded,
You will fade a-way and perish,
Smoke his "eigs" now all between you
And as brothers live henceforth."
But they gave him loud the ha-ha,
So our Dye-boy took his Saxon
And his sweet self home to mother.
"Honor now be to our hero"
Cry the sweet and foolish maidens,
When he came in triumph homeward
From the regions of the Wabash,
With the scalp of Wabash High School,
Came in triumph to his people.
Dye, our hero, star of heaven,
Henceforth he shall be our captain,
And, hereafter and forever,
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the girls in High School,
Call him no more Dye, the time-out,
Call him Dye, the girlies hero.

TO ALICE

Young and beautiful was Alice,
She it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awakes the class-room,
When she calls you
When she begs you
For your knife each blessed morning.

FOOTBALL HYMN

By the shores of Tippeeanoe,
Erst-while called fair Riverview,
Stood the gridiron of old Warsaw,
Daughter of Misfortune, Warsaw,
All about it spread the pastures
With the gentle kine upon it,
Gay upon it ran the sweater,
Brilliant orange, with blackest letters,
There the teacher, Rhoads, the dusty,
Coached the Warsaw team for football,
Stilled their fretful wails by saying,
"Hush the blue coats men will get yon."
Grub and Polky, hide your faces,
Practee football with all fervor,
Lose your fears! Forget the sheriff,
No one yet's told Robbins on you,
Then our gossip-Junior Scotty,
Learned of every one its language,
Learned their names and all their seerets,
How they hid notes in their tablets,
What they got in Plane and English,
Talked with them whene'er she met them.
Called them "O Ye Fellow Classmen."

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CLASS NOTES



B. Miller
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The Assembly

THE Assembly: the sanctuary of Seniors, the shelter of Juniors, the refuge for "Sophs" and the prison-house for Freshmen: the starting place of plots and petitions: the retreat for sleepy Seniors and talkative "Frosh" alike: the place where debates are fought and plays given; where unlucky students pass a wearisome time in eighth hour:—the Assembly, what remembrances the word conjures! Our Assembly has a few distinctive features which I fear no other Assembly possesses, for instance, the clock fastened to the wall at an angle which perhaps accounts for the fact that its time is never correct. The crumbling busts of gods and famous men solemnly regarding us from their high places on the walls and the pictures thick with dust are specialities of OUR Assembly. None of us will ever forget the radiators in the study hall. It was always on a cold morning that they were out of order. While everyone sat shivering, the janitor with the futile help of the principal would pry about the radiators until they began to give out some heat. A beatific smile would spread over the prof's features (now he would not have to dismiss school)—but the smile came all too soon! for with a hissing, sputtering and fizzing the caps on the radiators would fly off, drenching the wall and floor with hot water. In would rush the janitor with rags, and mops and after a few minutes the floor would be dry and the radiator working perfectly???

Woe to the one who broke a bottle of ink in the Assembly! The eagle eye of the principal would spy out the murky fluid! Out of the room he would

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march with the culprit meekly following. Returning immediately with glass, sandpaper and water, they would scrape and scrub thru an entire period until no marks remained of the accident. The dictionaries, reference books and encyclopaedias in the front of the room have always been of interest to many: to some because of their quest for knowledge, to others (especially certain Seniors) because they desired to be the attraction for all eyes.

It would seem that we make a specialty in the way announcements before the school are made—in that they are never correct, something is omitted or something wrong. If the athletic coach makes an announcement he usually also takes time to lecture us on our school spirit and the “rotten support of the students—and faculty.” When men are to speak before the High School, their being introduced is something like this, “We have with us this morning, —er—if he knows how to speak well, we’ll ask him again.” Sometimes the introduction is longer—and worse!

These are a few of the things of the Assembly which we have taken advantage of and enjoyed and which have made our school life and especially our study hours one to be remembered.

EDNA E. BROWN.

The Art Department



THE Art Department has for a number of years been under the able supervision of Mrs. Webber. Since it is only possible for two recitations every other week not as much work can be done as desired. However, considering this, considerable ground is covered. This year there are thirty-four pupils taking this course. The first work taken up is the study from a model or study of still life. This means drawing vases, jars, bowls and books, working for three or four lessons, even more sometimes until each pupil has finished a picture of probably a vase and a book or two. These are the first pictures that adorn the walls of room twelve, early in September.

After these pictures comes the study of perspective. There are rules to learn as to how to draw objects as they appear and not as they really are. The pictures now are telephone poles, railroads and rows of trees and must be made with regard to all the rules of perspective.

Next in order is the study of design along with the work of producing new and original patterns. Greek and Roman design is studied.

These designs are worked out in our constructive work such as making of book-covers, waste baskets and folios.

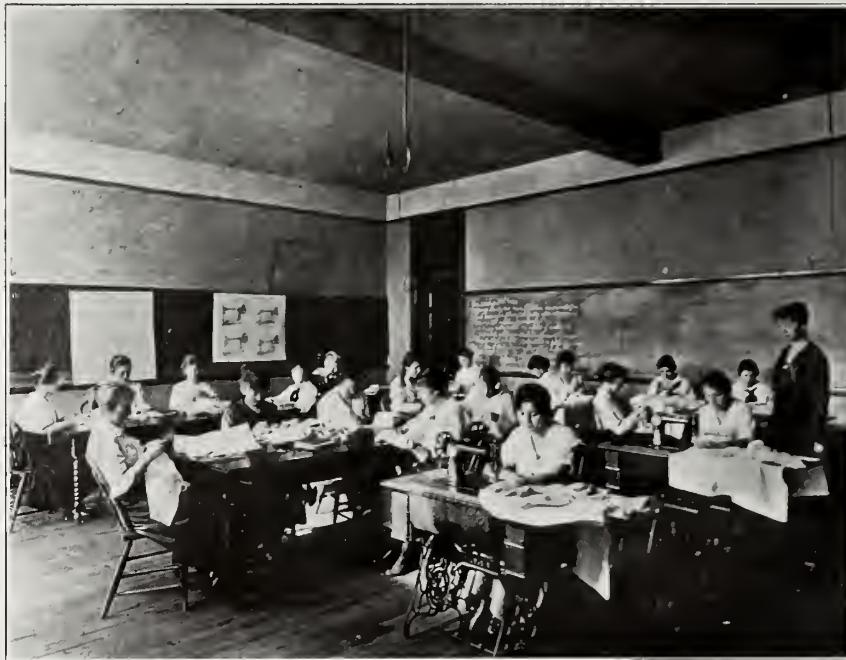
The last subject which in previous years classes have not taken up and which we hope to study is the History of Art.

Since the work on exhibition last fall was highly complimented and considered very good the Art classes feel that they have not toiled in vain.

BERNICE HEETER.

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The Class of Domestic Art of 1917

AS America is called the melting pot of nations so might the class of Domestic Art, generally known as sewing, be named the melting pot of classes. For here no class distinctions are shown. For the last shall be first and the first shall be last. For many of we Seniors, bigoted as we were when we entered the class, thinking that knowledge of sewing "just growed," as Topsy said, have found much to our surprise, that knowledge is gained only by many patient and tedious hours of labor. In fact the Sophomores and Freshmen often advise the upper classmen.

Not long ago I heard a Sophomore say, "Oh, no, don't cut that in two. That's the back of your waist and it's sewed in whole."

Many times we hear said of our patient teacher, "No, that will not do. Rip most all of the work out." Sometimes sulkily, sometimes impatiently and many times with the air of a martyr, we return to our task and have a ripping (good?) time. When we return, our work approved or disapproved, we resolve never to make that particular mistake again, only to renew our resolution a few days later.

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To come into our class you might think it a Ladies' Society from the general buzz of conversation; but looking closer you would see that it was not, for we do not piece comforters but sew garments for ourselves.

It is even rumored we are to make our dresses for graduation! It makes me faint to think of it but with the assistance of our helpful, patient teacher, Miss Richards, I am sure we will be there proudly arrayed in dresses of our own construction.

Miss Richards says very little about conduct but "a hint to the wise is sufficient" when the little red book appears. We sit up very straight, both feet on the floor, our sewing eighteen inches from our eyes, and last but not least our tongues cease their babbling. Especially during recitation on cotton, silk or other fabrics are we still, sometimes for lack of knowledge, but more often to obtain material for our copious notebooks.

Many of us have not yet seen G+ after "Domestic Art" on our report cards, but we poor mortals have a high goal for which to aspire and work.

We are occasionally reminded, when the buzzing ceases to be a buzzing and becomes a babble, that the more quiet ones in the class usually make the G+ grades. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule.

Altho only four periods a week are spent on sewing in class a great deal is accomplished for many of the girls stay in an extra hour after school has been dismissed, sewing and ripping and fitting. We are improving slowly but surely and if on commencement day we can appear in garments made by our own hands we can surely say, "A work well done is well worth while."

SEMERAMIS KUTZ.

The Music Department

 N the Warsaw High School a four years' course in music is given under the capable direction of Miss Carrie Jaques, the instructor of all Warsaw Public School music. The division in the music department; first theory, second year theory, first year appreciation, and second year appreciation. The first year theory classes take up the study of the rudiments of music and the second year classes the writings of music and harmonizing of melodies. The operas and their composers are studied in the appreciation classes. The students also become familiar with the various operas by hearing selections from them on the victrola.

The music classes meet twice every other week and at the end of the term one half credit is given if the work has been satisfactorily done.

MARY KATHRYN SHOUP.

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The Commercial Department

Under the head of the commercial department come these subjects, Stenography, Bookkeeping, Commercial Law, Commercial Arithmetic, and Typewriting. This department has for a number of years been considered the "waste basket" of the High School. As a rule the people seeking a scientific minimum went into these classes and thus the reputation of the department was lowered. Miss Haines, who succeeded Mr. Swan as instructor in these subjects, is doing all in her power to raise the standard of the department to the level of the other departments and to secure more efficient work from the pupils than has been produced in years past.

In the Stenography class there are only fifteen pupils but this is an advantage to those in the class for it affords more careful attention for each pupil by Miss Haines. The subject if mastered is not easy and requires hours of concentrated thought as you practise. Not only is this necessary but if anyone becomes efficient this practise must be done every day and each day's lesson must be completely mastered before another is considered. The goal of the class is one hundred and twenty-five words a minute.

Bookkeeping with its debits and credits is very interesting for the pupils but much more so for a teacher, who has twenty-five pupils for whom debits and credits are to be straightened. The work at the first of the year was a study in debits and credits, then they worked out simple business sets and near the close of the school term a special business practise will be studied in which the school room forms the business world with some pupils as bankers, some as wholesale merchants and others as retail merchants.

Typewriting gives only one half credit but requires more work than any other commercial subject. The Remington machines which had been used previously to this time were so old and rickety that the school board bought five new L. C. Smith's. About twenty persons were enrolled in typewriting; samples of the work done by them may be seen at the school exhibits at the county fair. The class has been going slowly but the work is thorough and the average pupil will be able to write forty words a minute at the close of school.

Commercial Arithmetic and Commercial Law are included in one course. Commercial Arithmetic comes the first six months and Commercial Law the last three months. The Commercial Arithmetic is a continuation of common

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school work but shorter methods and more complicated problems are given. Rapid calculation is the dread of nearly every pupil of the class, there are two sections of the class but there are only twenty-five pupils altogether. If possible there will be only one class when Commercial Law is studied. This subject takes up the study of business forms and principles of law governing business affairs. Note books will be kept of cases the same to those given in the book. The results are to be worked out according to the Commercial laws given in the text. The subject is one which anyone who has had any kind of business transactions should know thoroughly.

LOIS SELLERS.



Chemistry

Early in September, fourteen eager students were awaiting the word for work in the laboratory, for these fourteen students had determined to be chemists. The laboratory experiments, as specified by the laboratory manual deal largely with the theory of Chemistry, showing also the practical side. A large amount of time is spent on the uses of some of the more important elements, together with the study of their principal compounds. The study and preparation of the most important gases constitute a part of the laboratory course. The test of the ability to break the laboratory apparatus was passed by the beginners with wonderful ease, the professor qualifying very early (for him). Later came another test when each student was forced to stand and face the poisonous fumes of the gases. Drinking mixtures such as were calculated to bring successful results in experiments was also tried. In the beginning of the course, when anything went wrong, the first inclination of the pupils was to grieve, but now the situation is reversed—nothing can spoil the good spirit of the class. Even when the professor was detained for nearly one period, some of the girls sang and made merry in a most disgraceful manner.

More stress in Chemistry is placed upon accuracy of work than upon a rapid and loosely arranged course. The class is progressing rapidly and it is hoped that all the present students will labor on in life and astonish the world by their discoveries in the great realm of Chemistry. REUPART LEHMAN.

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Domestic Science

COOKING means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Helen, and of Calypso, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balsms and spieces, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness and inventiveness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality, and it means in fine that you are to be perfectly and always "Ladies-Loafgivers," says Ruskin.

Domestic Science as taught in the High School has three distinct phases: practical work in foods, commonly called cooking, experimental work in foods, and some knowledge concerning study of foods, food nutrition and food diet. The practical work takes up the preparation of different foods showing the reaction of foods under certain conditions. Experimental work deals with experiments on different foods. Many different points are included under the Study of Foods; the most important ones are: what food is, the composition, how manufactured and transported; "pure food," sanitary and convenient markets; the cost of foods and how to buy them. Food nutrition includes the study, the most suitable combination and amounts to fit the needs of individual persons. The Domestic Science course in this High School deals, to some extent, with practically every phrase of a High School course except diet. This subject covers a wide field of study and should be given a full year for the complete study of it, as it is of a great importance.

The course in Domestic Science has been under the able supervision of Miss Richards for the past three months and is a subject well liked by every one who has taken it. Domestic Science is of a great importance to a High School curriculum.

EVA HOUSER.

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Agriculture

THROUGHOUT the last two decades there has been a movement to raise the business and social standard of the pastoral population of this country. The school system recognizing the worth of this movement has introduced the subject of Agriculture and Farm Home Economics into the curriculum. The introducing of these subjects into the schools of large towns is especially commendable. The prejudice existing between city and country is due to the fact that the city people are not acquainted with the scientific and labor saving methods of work now pursued by the farmers.

Because of the large number of town pupils who "signed up" to take the Agriculture course, it has been, for the most part, designed to show in a general way what great advances have been made during the past few years along the line of Agricultural methods. The work taken by the course has consisted of a mingling of chemistry, geology, botany, physiology, bacteriology and other sciences in as far as they have a bearing upon agriculture. The aim has been to include but the first principles of these various sciences and to show their application to the art of Agriculture. The field is so wide that a one year's course can only deal with the simple first principles of Agricultural Science. It is hoped, however, that the beginning here made will lead to a further study of what is one of the most interesting, useful and profitable sciences—one that is at the present time making a most wonderful advance.

An intelligent understanding of the science underlying the art of Agriculture will add much interest to what is otherwise hard work, and as a natural consequence, the pleasure of such work may be greatly increased. The boys in the course who live in this town will find that some knowledge of the science of Agriculture will be of use to them, and will increase the respect and consideration for the calling that contributes so largely to the general wealth and welfare of the country.

HAROLD TROUP.

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Physics

THE Physics department of the Warsaw High School for the year beginning September 4, 1916, was well represented. There were sixteen members in the class, thirteen Seniors and three Juniors. Four members of the class were girls—all Seniors, too! They are to be commended in undertaking the subject of Physics, as it has always been regarded as a boy's subject and shunned by girls as too hard for their comprehending. The class was called to order by a new teacher, Mr. Rhoads, of Columbia City. During the discussion of the introduction many learned that matter was indestructible—a before absurd statement. Motion, gravitation, and Newton's laws were quickly passed over. After a month of study Laboratory manuals were ordered for the class. Tuesday and Friday of each week were set aside for experimenting or as might be better called manufacturing. The supply room contained no instruments of complete body; on one of our fine balances a most valuable indicator was used, having been made from a broom straw.

Some time after school began we were confronted one morning by the teacher who wanted to know who had "misplaced" the mercury. Mr. Rhoads said the chap certainly had an eye for business if he did not have any feeling or consideration for the school. This was the most valuable thing in the Laboratory, and was worth about forty dollars. As a great many things depended upon the use of mercury in experimenting much valuable work was left out.

Machines were then discussed and we found a wedge although it possessed no wheels or pulleys was a machine. Mechanics of gases and liquids were thoroughly gone over, and then sound and its source.

Back from vacation, a new subject, "heat and energy," was tackled and easily mastered. Then electricity with everything connected with it and light refraction and reflection were studied. These subjects ended the course in Physics which had been most interesting and highly instructive.

BEN MCKRILL.

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DEBATING



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Top Row—Frazer, Alleman, Chisholm
Bottom Row—Eichholtz, Anglin, Brown, Wymond, Scott

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Phio Mathian

EDNA E. BROWN, President
VALDA A. EICHHOLTZ, Secretary-Treasurer

The debating society is one organization in the High School which deserves support for three reasons: it affords excellent training in public speaking, it encourages a standard of scholarship and deportment, and it encourages the association of students of the highest rank.

The charter members of this society are Edith M. Anglin, Edna E. Brown, Warren L. Chisholm, Harold Alleman, Valda Eichholtz, Tom Frazer, Virginia Scott and Ellen W. Wymond. The above students mentioned met and a committee was chosen to draft the constitution and officers were elected. The constitution committee was made up of Edna Brown, Edith Anglin and Harold Alleman. Although the president is the only member of the society who has previously debated still the success because of the standing and general ability of the members of the society, and because of the competent coaches which have charge of their training,—Prof. McAlpine, Mrs. Robbins and Everett Rasor.

The towns which have been challenged are Columbia City, North Manchester, Peru, Plymouth and Milford. Plans are being made to have a triangular musical and oratorical contest with North Manchester and South Whitley. Debates will probably be arranged with Winona College and other neighboring towns.

Constitution of Phio Mathian

Article I.—The name of this society shall be Phio Mathian.

Article II.—The purpose of this society is to promote public speaking, literary activities, and to carry on social intercourse among the students who hold to superior attainments in scholarship and the high ideals in conduct.

Article III.—The officers shall consist of the president and secretary-treasurer and the executive committee named by the president.

Article IV.—The duties of the president shall be to call meetings, preside at the same; serving as ex-officio on committees.

Article V.—The duties of the secretary-treasurer shall be to carry on the necessary correspondence and to take care of the specie.

Article VI.—In order to become a member of said society, the applicant shall be willing to participate either in a debating "try-out," or in a musical or oratorical contest.

Article VII.—No person shall be a member of the said society unless having attained an average scholarship which shall be equivalent to an exemption grade.

Article VIII.—New members shall not be admitted unless with the approval of two-thirds of the existing membership.

Article IX.—From time to time, by-laws or amendments may be made as necessity demands.

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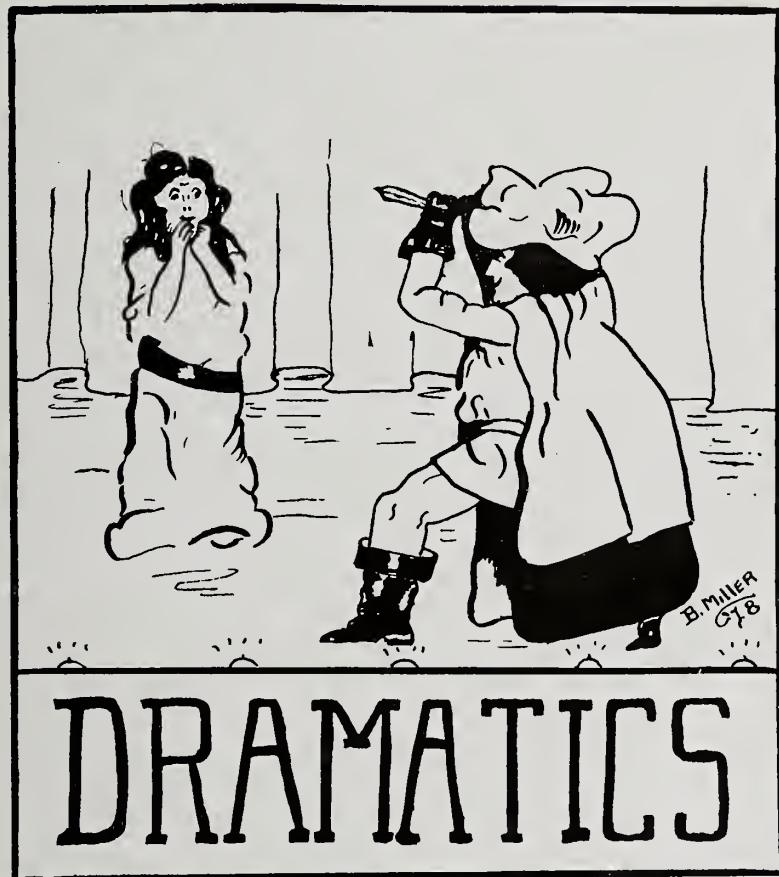
Don't look too dignified you might be taken for the butler

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Operetta "Nautical Knot"

LHE Glee club operetta, "Nautical Knot," under the direction of Miss Carrie Jaques, assisted by Mrs. E. E. Robbins was presented at the new Center Ward school building, on the evenings of March 6th and 7th. This entertainment was highly successful. The cast was very carefully selected. Each character was so pleased as to easily and naturally take the part to him or her. Nothing was left undone that would add to the setting and successful presentation of the play. A beautiful scene was painted especially for the occasion; the lights were so arranged as to give the best effect. The music of the orchestra harmonized pleasantly with the voices. Commendation is due the individuals of the cast for their earnestness and wholehearted interest in their separate parts. They resolved, it would seem, unanimously and individually to put forth the best efforts they could afford. The stage setting was fitting. The large platform, lighted by shaded lights softly setting off the "seashore" background, was in itself unique and suggested the word "nautical." The spacious auditorium was illuminated by pleasing colored lights. A spot light, operated from the back of the assembly, flashed brilliantly on the leading characters as they entered.

As we think happily of the success of our amateur performers we must ever remember that the real cause of our signal accomplishment lay with the thorough training by our competent directors. We cannot exaggerate the deep interest shown, the exhausting labor applied and hardships borne on the part of the director of the Glee Club that the Operetta might be worth while. We cannot too highly appreciate nor commend whether sincere efforts in our interest. We emphasize our appreciation of the excellent work of Mrs. Robbins, who coached the speaking parts and gained the confidence of all the cast. We commend the fine skill of Miss Regina Netter, in her able direction of the dance steps. We heartily applaud the pianist, Miss Mary Kathryn Shoup, for her splendid rendering of the music of the Operetta.

Cast

Julia—The Haughty Belle of Barnstapoolle.....	Eleanor Lessig
Nance, her friend.....	Vera Elder
Barnabas Lee, a wandering artist.....	Warren Chisholm
Joe Stout—Captain of "Bounding Billow".....	Albert Miner
Bill Salt—An ancient mariner.....	William Orr
Jim Spray	Tom Frazer
Ned Bluff } Sailors.....	Vernon Maish
Jack Brace }	Arthur Snyder
Delia }	Pauline Whittenberger
Daisy } Barnstapoolle Girls.....	Virginia Scott
Dora }	Dorothy Gerard

Chorus of Sailors and Fishermen's Daughters.

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Vergil calls love a pest; ain't he right?

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The Freshman

Cast of Characters

John Worden, the Freshman.....	Raymond Dye
“Picadilly” Jerome	Albert Miner
“Bugs” Stevens	Dewey Miner
“Owl” Griggs	Ralph Byrer
“Tiny” McGrath	Loren Melick
Locke, Professor	George Oborn
Horace, colored factotum.....	William Orr
Mary Locke, Daughter of Professor.....	Vera Elder
Judith Blair, President’s Daughter.....	Lillian Walton
Miss Porter, of an old family.....	Samerimus Kutz
Violet, a landlady’s daughter.....	Catherine Philpott

The Freshman enters the college campus and inquires the way to the registrar’s office. Immediately the self confident Sophomores begin to haze him by making him repair the brick sidewalk. Among the people who pass along is the Professor’s daughter. She immediately takes up with the appearance of the Freshman, who is no less taken up with her. She engages him for the following day to repair the garden wall.

The sophomores have been having some difficulty in getting out their posters for the freshmen. They finally get them and hide them in the Lock garden. The Freshman finds them and almost escapes with them. When the sophs see that they have been discovered they lock the Freshman in the astronomy room. By the aid of Mary Lock he escapes and notifies the freshmen but he is soon reconfined by the sophomores.

In the meantime it is rumored that there is a millionaire in the freshmen class and, of course, all the ladies are wondering who he might be.

The freshmen having been notified rush on to the campus and drive the sophomores off. After the class scrap one of the sophs returns to the recitation room. Here it is announced that the Freshman bricklayer is the millionaire. Since announcements are in order the Freshman announces that he is to marry the most beautiful girl in Lakeville, Miss Mary Locke.

The play was given Friday, April 20, at the Centennial theatre.

Mrs. E. F. Van Osdol, the coach, deserves the commendation of all for her untiring labor and excellent instruction. Night after night she worked diligently with us, and we hereby wish to express our appreciation for her efforts.

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MUSIC



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The Glee Club

WILLIAM A. ORR, President

WARREN L. CHISHOLM, Vice-President

LILLIAN A. WALTON, Secretary-Treasurer



THE Glee Club, the most enthusiastic and enterprising organization of the High School, reorganized the second week of school. William Orr was elected president; Warren Chisholm, vice-president, and Lillian Walton secretary and treasurer; Mary Kathryn Shoup, pianist. The work being in charge of Miss Carrie Jaques, who had proven the previous year her ability and willingness to promote all interests of that organization. A fine spirit was manifested from the start and fifty-two members were enrolled. And why should not everyone show a fine spirit in joining an organization which offers the opportunities that does the Glee Club?

First, one-third credit is given to all members who have not more than three unexcused absences from the regular rehearsals every Tuesday evening from 3:30 to 4:00. Secondly, it gives each member an opportunity to develop the musical talent which they may possess under a very able instructor. Also the Glee Club is annually extended the invitation to sing at a number of the churches and at the Farmers' Institute. Also at the High School Commencement Exercises, these invitations are gladly accepted and everyone appreciates an opportunity of singing on invitation of the public. Last, but not least, of the accomplishments of the Glee Club is an Operetta which is given annually by a cast which is chosen from members of the Glee Club.

The Operetta given this year, "A Nautical Knot," was the most creditable event of the Glee Club singers.

Although a large number of the members this year are Seniors we wish the organization the best of success in the future with a large addition of material next year.

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The Dramatic Club

The first meeting of the Latin Dramatic Club was held Friday, October 27, 1913, at the home of Miss Moness Cook. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Lelah Melick. Officers had been elected and a committee appointed to adopt a constitution previous to this meeting.

President—Lelah Melick.

Secretary—Calvert Shorb.

Treasurer—Pauline Whittenberger.

Calvert Shorb having resigned as secretary, Orin Luse was elected.

A fine program was given consisting of vocal solos by the Misses Moness Cook and Neva Winebrenner and a piano solo by Miss Faye Crites and reading by Miss Marguerite Bumbaugh.

A Latin match was then conducted by the teacher, Miss Herrick. Refreshments were served by the hostess and the club adjourned to meet with Gwendolyn Hale at Winona Lake, November 24, 1916.

The Latin Dramatic Club met Friday, November 24, 1916, with Miss Gwendolyn Hale, at Winona Lake. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Lelah Melick.

A fine program was given consisting of a violin solo by Orin Luse with piano accompaniment by Miss Ruth Stammes, a Latin match conducted by the teacher, Miss Herrick, a piano solo by Winifred Smith.

Refreshments were served and the club adjourned to meet January 26, 1917, with Miss Faye Crites.

Because of unavoidable reasons the Latin Dramatic Club's next meeting was postponed until April 6th when it met at the home of Emma Grabner. About eighteen members were present. During the regular business session it was decided that the club should meet next at the home of Lelah Melick, April 27th. A short program consisting of several musical numbers and a Latin contest was enjoyed by all. After the program amusing games were played and the meeting adjourned at a late hour with everybody satisfied that they had spent a very pleasant evening.

Hallowe'en Party

In Warsaw High School social activities so far have failed to find a permanent place. This is not due to the fact that members of the faculty are opposed to such activities but on account of lack of "spirit" and "push" so much needed to make social functions a success.

The present Senior Class, '17, broke the monotony of boresome school life by entertaining the members of the other classes at an informal Hallowe'en masquerade, given on October thirty-first at the Company H Armory hall.

After toiling diligently from Friday until Monday evening the old armory certainly responded well, for she never appeared in a more gorgeous costume. Orange and black, the High School colors, and purple and gold, the Senior colors, were used most effectively and cornstalks and rails were very much in evidence.

The guests first "promenaded" before members of the faculty who acted as judges. Neva Winebrenner and Gilbert Bates were awarded prizes. Check-

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ers, dominoes, cards and dancing furnished amusement for the remainder of the evening. Miss Louise Philpott and Leonard Huffer furnished music for the masqued dancers.

The affair was a success in every sense of the word. The school was well represented and the financial side well balanced. A program in the form of a pantomime of the faculty was well given and other members of organizations contributed to the entertainment of those present.

A Foot Ball Party

After the team had defeated Ligonier and run up a reputable score against Elkhart, the girls of the High School decided to give the boys a feed. It was to be in form, a "Weenie Roast" along the river, and the trip was to be made in machines. However, the weather man intervened, and we were forced to have our feed at the home of Tomaline Richards. The picnic lunch was a decided success. A marshmallow roast and a joy ride afterward added much to the success of an enjoyable evening.

Die Schiller Verein

Die Schiller Verein held its first regular meeting on October 10, 1916, at the home of Fraulein Helwig. The first part of the evening was spent in singing old German folk songs. Thirty-five responded to roll call with some German proverb. After a short business session the club was favored by a duet sung by the Misses Eleanor Lessig and Dorothy Gerard. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing German games. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

Die Schiller Verein met on November 7, 1916, at the home of Fraulein Lessig. Twenty-five responded to roll call with the name of a German author and one of his writings. Fraulein Hall then played a piano solo. Fraulein Wiltrot and Fraulein Minear sang a duet which was followed by the reading of a German story by Herr Funk. The hostesses then served dainty refreshments. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing German games.

Die Schiller Verein met on December 19, 1916, at the home of Herr Grabner. Twenty were present. After a short business session the club was favored by a vocal solo sung by Fraulein Finton and a piano solo rendered by Fraulein Houser. Fraulein Helwig led a discussion on "Christmas Time." The remainder of the evening was spent in an old fashioned taffy pull.

Die Schiller Verein met at the home of Fraulein Helwig, on Feb. 12, 1917, to enjoy a picnic supper. Twenty-five responded to roll call. German games were played after which the president, Herr Frazer, most royally entertained the club by taking them to the Centennial Theater.

Die Schiller Verein met at the home of Wilma Scott on March 20th. After a short business session the club was favored by a vocal solo by Leah Balliet. Hazel Moore read a German poem. Mildred Wiltrot and Milo Thompson read interesting stories about the Rhine. The remainder of the evening was spent in playing games. The hostess then served delicious refreshments. The date and place for the next meeting was not definitely decided upon.

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Sophomore Class Party

AT THE HOME OF WILMA SCOTT
JANUARY 19, 1917

On Janus the 19th, year '17,
That brightest of classes—the one of '19,
Had a big Sophomore party from 8 to 11,
The members there present were quite 52,
And they played and they sang, and had games not a few,
In cards "Buss" and "Barry" proved wonders to view,
And the twin Shorbs at checkers deserve mention, too,
Miss Haines and Miss Simons the chaperones played.
And in the excitement they gladly did aid,
Prap's maybe, too, they actually frowned.
For all Sophs are boisterous and need toning down.
Some came at eight, and some came at nine,
And they all stayed and played in a game they called "TIME."
The partners were chosen each one by lot,
Lehman and Neva proved best of all
And the stack of "Times's" proved almost sky-tall!
They fed them on wafers, cakes, and ice cream,
Till all finally departed for peace and sweet dreams.

Junior-Senior Banquet

The annual Junior-Senior banquet was given at the K. of P. home on the evening of May eighteenth. Although the Juniors faced many difficulties in arranging and having the banquet it was a grand success. The Junior class being rather small and the Senior class being rather large it was found hard to raise enough money but this end was accomplished very successfully. There were two committees appointed to look after the decorations, program, banquet, etc. The program committee consisted of Burwyn Ford, Dawn Jones, Dorothy Gerard, Rulo Minear and Beatrice Smith. The banquet committee consisted of Burwyn Miller, Dorothy Catlin, Eleanor Lessig, Clarence Cox, Joe Bowen, Iva Hall and Lydia Pittenger. These committeemen worked very faithfully and brought the banquet to a successful end.

The address of welcome was given by Virginia Scott, president of the Junior class. Response was then given by Warren Chisholm, president of the Senior class. Grace was then offered by Professor H. S. Kaufman, followed by the banquet.

After the banquet the toast mistress, Mary Kathryn Shoup, was introduced. A toast was given to the Seniors by Dawn Jones which was responded to by Carl Crites. The speaker of the evening, Mr. Warren Darst, was then introduced.

After the talk by Mr. Darst the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing and games, some of the guests leaving at a late hour.

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The Popularity Contest

The Popularity Contest, beginning October the thirteenth and ending January the twenty-fourth, was conducted for the purpose of obtaining subscriptions for the "Tiger." One hundred votes were given with each paid subscription, one hundred with each paid Senior assessment, and fifty for each pledged subscription for the Annual. These votes were received on Tuesdays and Fridays only by the Business Managers.



Miss Iva Hall, the Junior Class Candidate, received 5650 votes

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Miss Lillian Walton, the Senior Class Candidate, received 5450 votes



Miss Winifred Smith, the Sophomore Candidate, received 1800 votes

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The Athletir Assoriation

DALE E. BROWN, President

LILLIAN A. WALTON, Vice-President

WILLIAM A. ORR, Secretary

VERA J. ELDER, Treasurer

The Warsaw High School Athletic Association was organized for the year '16-'17 on Thursday, Sept. 14, 1916. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Rhoads and conducted by him. Officers were elected by ballot and steps taken to enlarge our financial bases; each person wishing to belong to the organization paying a fee of 25 cents. This fee and a card signed by the Secretary allows the bearer to attend all home games of football for 15 cents, for the coming season.

It is the purpose of the above organization to promote athletics in every way possible and this seems almost impossible at times since interest in the school is poor and spirit, so much needed for success, on the verge of "going out." However, athletics helped take care of themselves so it was that football games were scheduled by Manager Albert Miner. Trips to various towns were made and the "boys" certainly proved their ability to stay by their team, having won three out of five games played. It may safely be said that the "spirit" is present with those who have something before them to gain as an ambition.



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Top Row—Orin Luse, Harold Lehman, George Lehman, Earl Zimmerman.

Middle Row—Emma Grabner, Bernice Van Curen, Moness Cook, Ruth Stamate, Robert Lafollette.

Bottom Row—Gwendolyn Hale, Faye Crites, Neva Winebrenner, Hattie Rodgers, Irene Longfellow, Lelah Melick, Erleane Miller.

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Latin Dramatic Club

LELAH B. MELICK, President
GEORGE W. LEHMAN, Vice-President
ORIN A. LUSE, Secretary
PAULINE A. WHITTENBERGER, Treasurer

The Latin Dramatic Club was organized by the members of the Caesar Classes for the purpose of studying Latin plays and participating in social activities. Although we have not succeeded as well as we expected in the former object, we have done very well in the latter. The club meets the last Friday in every month.

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You can never tell the speed of an auto by its noise

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Top Row—Wilma Scott, Iva Hall, Virginia Phillips, Esther Summy.

Second Row—Hazel Moore, Eva Houser, Gretchen Willette, Vera Leedy, Mabel Lake, Marie Sellers.

Third Row—Eleanor Lessig, Dorothy Gerard, Aileen Benton, Hilda Finton, Miss Helwig, Leah Balliet, Ignota Miner, Mildred Wiltrot.

Bottom Row—Tom Frazer, Eldon Tenney, John Grabner, Edward Funk, Rulo Minear, Joe Bowen.

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Der Schiller Verein

TOM D. P. FRAZER, President

IVA M. HALL, Vice-President

DOROTHY A. GERARD, Secretary and Treasurer

The German Club organized under the name "Der Schiller Verein," in October, 1916. The first meeting was held at the home of Fraulein Helwig, who presides over the German classes of the present year. The purpose of this organization is to promote interest in the various classes. German conversation is carried on at the regular meetings, German songs and proverbs are learned and German authors and writers studied. This is the first German Club officially organized and recognized since Prof. W. F. Woody, who taught the Classes of '13, '14.

One cannot well describe the interest present in this organization without mentioning the fact that there were about thirty members most of them active.

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LITERARY DIGEST CLUB

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FOOT BALL TEAM, 1916

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Athletics

The Warsaw High School was represented on the gridiron in the season of 1916 very successfully. At the first call for practice forty-four candidates reported which made the prospects for a winning team look very bright. Coach



COACH RHoads

Rhoads from Wabash College, was secured to coach the team. Tom Frazer, one of the best linemen on the 1915 squad, was elected captain and much credit must be given him in producing a winning team. Among the experienced players who reported for the first practice were: Captain Frazer, D. Brown, B. Noble, C. Warner, L. Melick, E. Barringer, and R. Dye. With these faces again on the squad a winning team looked certain.

With two weeks of hard practice the team met the Alumni aggregation and defeated them with a score of 27-0. Not stopping at this the team worked still harder for another week and on September 30 met the fast Ligonier team. In this game the team showed excellent form although it remained evident that a good goal kicker was badly needed. The Orange and Black boys defeated their opponents to the tune of 36-0 score. Warner and Brown played a great defensive game while Dye and Barringer played an offensive game. Melick scored one touchdown, D. Brown, one, and Dye, four.

Our next clash came with the strong Elkhart eleven. With the winning of the Ligonier game by such a decisive score, the local aggregation was believed to be one of the strongest in years. As both teams marched on Riverview field one could readily see confidence printed upon each player's face. Outweighed and with superior teamwork the Elkhart team defeated old W. H. S. by the score 32-13. This being the closest score that these two teams have played since 1908, when the Warsaw-Elkhart teams played to a tie score of 5-5. In this game Noble got away with a 60 yard run on the famous shoestring play, and planted the ball back of the posts for another touchdown. Barringer also made a 50 yard dash and showed his ability of using his interference. The last quarter was marked by a series of long passes from Quarter-back Dye to Melick, D. Brown, and Barringer. With 3 yards for a touchdown time was called and the game ended.

Next we journeyed to Wabash to battle our Southern wearers of the orange and the black. This hard fought battle in sawdust and mud ended by the score of 27-13 against Warsaw. Melick scored one touchdown and Dye added six more by booting two field goals. At the beginning of the second half "Bunny"

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Ford replaced Noble at Left End. "Bunny" caught four passes, one of them being a 40 yard pass from Quarterback Dye. He showed considerable speed and consistency in his first real tryout and gained a regular position on the team for the remainder of the season.

Our next game was with the Alumni and they surely were easy picking for our boys. Forward passes featured this game. Don Melick received a pass and made a touchdown in the first two minutes of play. Fifty-four points were made in this manner the other three being registered by Dye from a field goal. Touchdowns were made by Don Melick, Loren Melick, Boyd Noble, Captain Tom Frazer, Dan Wrigley. Even with the services of "Boob" Johnston, star half-back for the Aggies, no results could be obtained.

Our last game with Peru resulted in a forfeit of 1-0 in favor of Warsaw. At the close of the first half the score was 4-0 in favor of Peru. In the third quarter, Noble registered a beautiful 35 yard drop kick and in the fourth quarter Melick received a forward pass and rolled the distance of one foot for a touchdown. Redmon, of Indiana University, not a faculty member of Peru, acted as their official. At Referee Bright's decision Peru protested and after a debate of twenty minutes, forfeited the game to Warsaw. The original score should have been 9-7 in favor of Warsaw, but as Peru had a very slim chance of making a touchdown in the remaining two minutes of play, rather than to go home defeated they forfeited the game.



PERU GAME

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BOYS' BASKET BALL.—1916-17

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Boys' Basket Ball

THE first call for basket ball practice was issued Wednesday, November 9, by Captain Miner. Although being compelled to practice in the small High School "Gym," forty candidates reported for first practice. Among the former stars who appeared the preceding year were Captain Miner, D. Brown, Frazer and Dye. From the squad that turned out it appeared that there would be strong competition for positions upon the team. But because D. Brown, our star center, quit school and the ineligibility of Captain Miner and H. Brown, the prospects for a winning team vanished. Although being handicapped by the loss of these three stars we decided to finish the schedule. However, our basket ball season was very unsuccessful.

North Manchester Game

On Friday evening, January fifth, the North Manchester boys came over to match their strength with the W. H. S. boys. This undoubtedly was the fastest game played on our floor this year. We won only by our last minute rally. At the opening of the second half the score stood 14-12 in favor of North Manchester. And before Warsaw was upon her feet the Manchester forwards had registered five more field goals to their score. With a score of 12 points against them, the score being 12-24, the Warsaw forwards took a brace and started things a-going. In the last five minutes of play, H. Brown and Dye broke away from the field with some fast field goals, Dye throwing 10 consecutive free throws. This put the Warsaw boys in the lead by a narrow margin and at the final whistle won with a score of 33-27.

Culver Game

On Saturday, January 27th, our boys journeyed to Culver to meet the fast team from that place. Although defeated by ten points in a closely contested game, marked by good basket ball on both sides, our boys redeemed themselves for the poor showing they made the year before. Captain Speyer, of Culver, made twenty-two points for his team while Dye registered fourteen and Melick two for Warsaw. The score was twenty-six to sixteen.

The Presbyterian Athletic Club Game

Our last game of the season, played March 2nd, was with the Presbyterian Athletic Club and will undoubtedly be classed as one of the fastest and roughest games played. The teams were very evenly matched as indicated by the score. At the end of the first half the score was a tie, 16 to 16. But during the second half our opponents managed to obtain a lead by the narrow margin of three points and held it until the final whistle. The score was 25 to 22.

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Some people have been exposed to four years
of education without catching it

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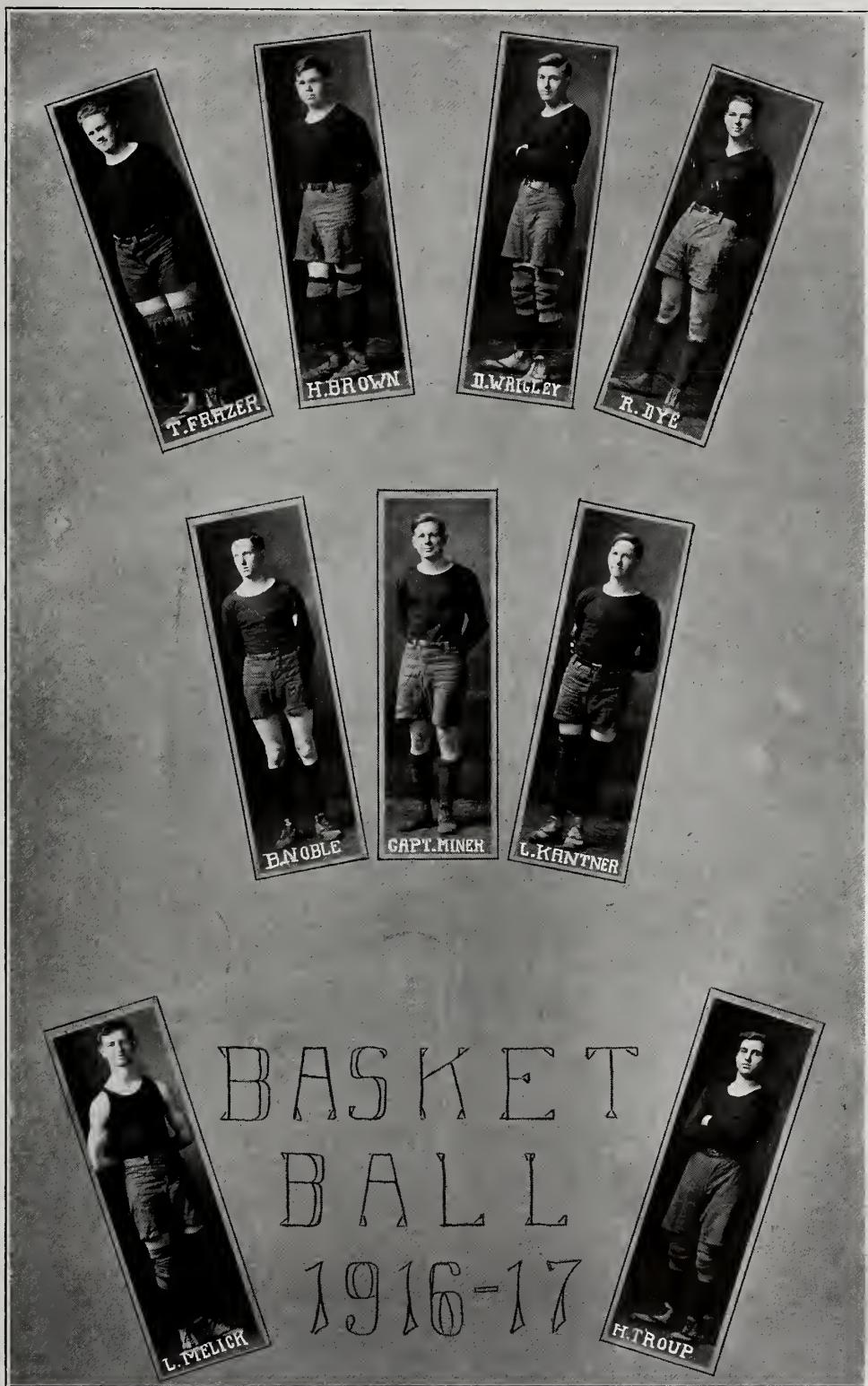
DATE OF GAME	TEAM	SCORE
Dec. 15.....	Warsaw vs. Ligonier	11— 38
Dec. 21.....	Warsaw vs. Bourbon	31— 45
Dec. 22.....	Warsaw vs. South Whitley	35— 25
Dec. 29.....	Warsaw vs. Columbia City	20— 51
Jan. 5.....	Warsaw vs. North Manchester	33— 27
Jan. 6.....	Warsaw vs. Syracuse	13— 36
Jan. 12.....	Warsaw vs. Bourbon	30— 37
Jan. 13.....	Warsaw vs. Etna Green	11— 37
Jan. 26.....	Warsaw vs. Nappanee	21— 29
Jan. 27.....	Warsaw vs. Culyer	16— 26
Feb. 9.....	Warsaw vs. North Manchester	16— 29
Feb. 16.....	Warsaw vs. Milford	6— 38
Feb. 17.....	Warsaw vs. South Whitley	10— 57
Mar. 2.....	Warsaw vs. Presbyterian Athletic Club	22— 25

	Total.....	275—500

PLAYER	POINTS MADE	NUMBER GAMES PLAYED
Raymond Dye✓.....	136	12
Herschel Brown	62	12
Dale Brown ✓.....	31	6
Dan Wrigley ✓.....	14	10
LeRoy Kautner ✓.....	10	7
Loren Melick	8	2
Captain Albert Miner ✓.....	8	13
Boyd Noble	6	4
Tom Frazer ✓.....	0	10
Harold Troup	0	2

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GIRLS' BASKET BALL—1916-17

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Girls' Basket Ball

The girls' Athletic Association held a meeting and elected the following officers: Catherine Philpott, president; Valda Eichholtz, secretary and treasurer. Edith Richards was made general manager of the team.

At first call for basket ball practice fifteen girls made their appearance in the small High School "Gym." The prospects of a winning team were surely good.

There were many chances for some scrubs to get on the team and each girl tried her best, and the results were surprising indeed. For the first time in seven years, Warsaw had the champion team of Northern Indiana.

The first game was played December 8, at Milford with the High School team there, and because it was the first game each girl was afraid of defeat and played her best. The team work on Warsaw's part was fine and the game resulted in a score of 26-3 in Warsaw's favor.

On December 15, the second game was played with Ligonier High School on Ligonier's floor. Ligonier had a good team and it was a harder game for Warsaw than the previous game had been. However, with good hard work the game ended in Warsaw's favor, the score being 23-5. In

this game Warsaw's lineup was changed, Hattie Rogers taking Leone Miller's place as second center, and succeeded in keeping it for the rest of the season.

On January 5, North Manchester came to Warsaw with a determination to win. This was the first time any Warsaw team had played North Manchester and we hardly knew what to expect. However, we went into the game with high hopes which were realized in a score of 28-7.

On January 12 the Warsaw girls left for Elkhart, but not with the smiling faces they generally wore. Warsaw had not defeated Elkhart on her own floor in seven years. We were more downhearted than ever when the Warsaw forwards started to practice for baskets in the Elkhart "Gym." But things soon changed when the game began. The first half ended with a score 6-7 in Elkhart's favor. By this time the Warsaw girls were somewhat encouraged. The second half Elkhart put in four substitutes but even then Warsaw kept even and the game ended with the score 14-13 in Warsaw's favor. Cath-



COACH PHILLIPS

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erine Philpott, captain, scored all of Warsaw's points. The team work in this game was certainly of the best.

January 19, the Warsaw girls went to Fort Wayne. They had never played this team before and did not know what to expect from them. Warsaw was defeated in a score 30-14. Forward Lelah Moon scored all points in this game.

On January 26, Milford came to Warsaw thinking that they were at last good enough to defeat us. The game was fast and very exciting. Warsaw showed their good team work, as usual. The game ended in Warsaw's favor the score being 32-5.

February 2, Ligonier came to Warsaw to try once again to defeat us. The game was not as good as others as it was so one-sided. Ligonier was defeated in a score 35-1.

February 9, the Warsaw girls started for North Manchester thinking that they would surely have easy "pieking." They were forced to work, however, and the game was won only by a close score of 20-16.

February 16, Warsaw had a game seheduled with Fort Wayne but Fort Wayne broke the contract forfeiting the game to Warsaw in a score 1-0.

On February 23, Elkhart came to Warsaw. Upon their arrival they informed the Warsaw girls that they would be defeated; but they soon changed their minds. The home team was in practise and played their best. The game ended in the seore 28-8 in Warsaw's favor. Elkhart finally had to admit that Warsaw had the best team.

The first of March the High School girls went to Milford to play a third game with that team "just for fun." This was probably the roughest game Warsaw had played and when it was over the girls were not quite so friendly. Warsaw defeated Milford, the seore being 35-6.

The line-up for Warsaw during the whole season remained the same. Catherine Philpott, eaptain, played left forward; Lelah Moon, right forward; Edith Richards, center; Hattie Rogers, second center; Edith Rogers, right guard; Marella Moon, left guard, and Vera Leedy, substitnute.

Those reeeiving letters are: Catherine Philpott, Lelah Moon, Edith Riehards, Hattie Rogers, Edith Rogers, Marella Moon.

Warsaw vs. Milford	25— 3
Warsaw vs. Ligonier	23— 5
Warsaw vs. Elkhart	14—13
Warsaw vs. North Manchester	28— 7
Warsaw vs. Fort Wayne	14—30
Warsaw vs. Milford	30— 5
Warsaw vs. Ligonier	35— 1
Warsaw vs. North Manchester	20—16
Warsaw vs. Fort Wayne (forfeited game).....	1— 0
Warsaw vs. Elkhart	28— 8

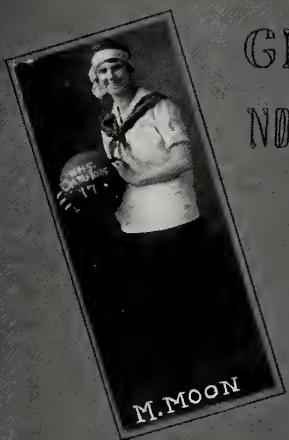
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THE TIGER

CHAMPIONS OF
NORTHERN IND.

1916-17.



M. MOON



L. MOON



CAPT. PHILPOTT



E. ROGERS



H. ROGERS



C. RICHARDS

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NORTHERN INDIANA CHAMPIONS

W's Awarded

Foot Ball

Frazer, Captain	Lehman
Melick	H. Brown
Barringer	Noble
D. Brown	Neff
Dye	Polk
Warner	Ford
Wrigley	Shorb

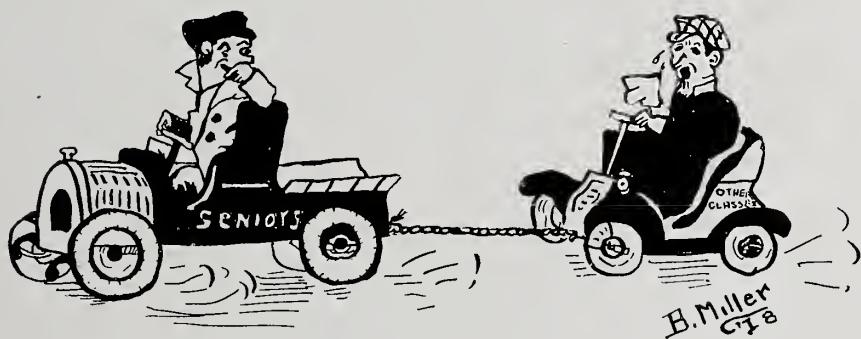
Basket Ball

Miner, Captain	Philpott, Captain
Dye	L. Moon
H. Brown	M. Moon
Wrigley	E. Rodgers
Frazer	H. Rodgers
Noble	Richards
Troup	

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UNE CASS ME



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Freshman Class Roll

<i>rec</i>	Bates, Gilbert ✓	Hillery, Edith	<i>rec</i> Minear, Troas ✓
	Beatty, Arrilla	Hidges, Ruth	Moore, John
	Bennett, Celia Isabelle	Holbrook, Blanche	Neff, Pauline
<i>rec</i>	Bibler, La Mont ✓	<i>rec</i> Hubler, Susan	Peterson, Theodore
	Boggs, Mildred	Jones, Mary	Phineger, Lawrence
	Bowser, George	Johnson, Lena	<i>rec</i> Polk, Norman ✓
	Boyer, Edith	<i>rec</i> Jeffries, Charles	Rice, Helen
<i>rec</i>	Brant, De Vere	Iden, Gladys	Ripple, Elizabeth
<i>rec</i>	Bratt, Ethel	Kannard, Russell	Roath, Faun
<i>rec</i>	Brown, Dale W. ✓	<i>rec</i> Ker, Charles II., Jr.	<i>rec</i> Sigler, Lena
	Brown, Jessie	Kline, John M.	Silveus, Treva
	Burwell, Ralph	Ladd, Cleah	<i>rec</i> Snider, Miller
	Byrer, Ernest	La Follette, Howard	Snodgrass, Herman
	Cox Mable	Lehman, Madeline	Stevens, Carrie
	Crosbie, Amber	Lehman, Phillips	Stevens, Harold
	Cuffel, Irene	Lichtenwalter, Ruby	Summy, Earl
<i>rec</i>	DePoy, Aubrey ✓	<i>rec</i> Moveday, Maurice	Wallace, Hope
	Farry, Isabella	McConnell, Loy	Ward, Thelma
	Furgeson, Franklin	McConnell, Ralph	West, Earl
	Fisher, Edgar	MaGee, Edith	White, Muza
<i>rec</i>	Freeman, Kenneth	Mickey, Hiram	Widup, Claud
	Groninger, Mable	Mickey, Susie	Zimmer, Harold
	Hartman, Athol	Miller, Ethyle	Zimmerman, Gladys

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Sophomore Class Roll

Anglin, Jessie M.

Anglin, Samuel

~~De~~ Barringer, Earl

Benton, Aileen

Brown, Athol

~~De~~ Brown, Roscoe

Brown, Theodore

Bullers, Gordon

Cook, Moness

Cook, Vera

Cox, Dorothy

Crites, Faye

~~De~~ Deaton, Ben

Dunkleberger, Ralph

Fawley, Orie

Funk, Edward

Grabner, Emma

Hale, Gwendoline

Hall, William ~~u.s.~~

Hatfield, Lena

Helser, Russell

~~De~~ Hilligas, Harold

Jamison, Vernon

Kineh, Mildred

Kyle, Jennie

Lake, Mabel

La Follette, Robert

~~De~~ Lehman, Harold

Linn, Paul

~~De~~ Longfellow, John

~~De~~ Longfellow, Irene

Lozier, Harry

Luse, Orin

~~De~~ Hinkson, Thomas

~~De~~ Melick, Leah

Menzie, Taylor

Miller, Erleane

Miller, Leone

Minear, Russell

~~De~~ Minear, Ignota

~~De~~ Moon, Marcella

~~De~~ Moore, Hazel

Nobel, Boyd

Phillips, Virginia

~~De~~ Polk, Lawrence

Randels, Agnes

~~De~~ Razer, Edna

Robbins, Milo

~~De~~ Robinson, Harry

Rodgers, Hattie

Rodgers, Zella

Schue, Russell

~~De~~ Sellers, Marie

~~De~~ Shively, Maurice

Shorb, Calvert

Shorb, Charles

~~De~~ Sigler, Ralph

Scott, Wilma

~~De~~ Smith, Faun

~~De~~ Smith, Winifred

~~De~~ Stamate, Ruth E.

Steinebach, Robert

~~De~~ Stickler, Joe

Thompson, Milo

~~De~~ Tillman, Frank

Tusing, Esther

Valentine, Edwin

Vancuren, Bernice

Van Doren, Harold

Waid, Mildred

~~De~~ Warner, Silas

~~De~~ Whittenberger, Pauline

Wiltrot, Mildred

Winebrenner, Neva

~~De~~ Wolfe, Guy

Zimmerman, Earl

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JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Junior President's Address

WHICH way shall I direct my thoughts for a view of the Junior class? Shall I look back like the Chinaman, forward like the American, up like the Indian, down like the Roman, without like the Creek or within like the mystic of whatever land? Shall I seek the class in the assembly—the class room—on the campus—or on the rampage? Shall I line them up one by one or view them collectively?—either way you must admit they aren't a bad lot and they have improved since entering the portals of the great W. H. S. They really weren't a bad class to begin with—yes—we must go back to the beginning.

In September, 1914, a period famous as the time when the great European war was just begun, we were conspicuous in High School, needing neither label nor sign to prove that we were—FRESHMEN. We submitted to the usual jokes and teasings by those who next year were in our class instead of

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their own. The year proved indeed a novel experience. We began to feel acclimated to the constellations of the High School world—teachers, principal, superintendent, school board and all and we wondered at the eighth grade pupils whose slogan seemed to be "Ignorance is bliss."

Our chief venture was the Glee Club and to that we flocked in numbers. We did not try to have any class parties that year—we felt that really it might be wiser to watch the Sophomores' attempts in that line and see where, when, why and how they managed such things.

In our Sophomore year we began to feel a growing pride,—other Freshmen filled the little assembly and we were at last not the audience of the High School activities but we were beginning to know what we were expected to do, and yet more important, what we were capable of doing. Our attempt at a class affair turned out rather badly, we had a picnic arranged but, the day proving too rainy, we postponed it with the result that only thirteen could attend. Despite the so-called unlucky number we had a splendid time and by the time we had returned most of the ladies' and brave knights' countenances resembled nice ripe tomatoes,—ponderosas polished for the market—all from our first acquaintance with 1916 sun and wind.

When the next vacation was over we were happy at last to be Juniors. Never before in our school life have we had so many things to attract our attention, things so vital and momentous, the doings of the Kaiser and the un-doings of Villa, and what is Wilson going to do? And so many important things for us to do—we have had class elections and next we are going to have our class colors. We have been planning ways and means of solving our financial problems as our class is small. Although small, we are a representative class for our High School pianist is a Junior, the illustrator of the Annual is a Junior and three of the five girls in the operetta cast were Juniors. We have members in every society for which they are eligible, and representatives in foot-ball and boys' and girls' basket ball.

We have looked back to our beginning, down upon the other Freshmen, within upon our own foolish impulses and ambiguous ambitions, we have looked about us to get our bearings, up to our teachers, and forward to that wonderful day when we shall be Seniors.

While we have a vision of ourselves as Seniors let us not count that our goal, let that be but a means to the attainment of our life's ambitions. And now may we next year, never weary nor feint hearted, all march into the Senior class with colors flying, not to replace this year's Seniors but to make a place for ourselves in the memory of the High School not to be a HAS BEEN class but to make up in quality what our class lacks in numbers.

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Junior Class Roll

Balliet, Leah
Bearst, Gladys
Bowen, Joe
Byrer, Harry
Carles, Marjorie
Catlin, Dorothy
Dec Cox, Clarence ✓
Dec Crist, Mabelle
Dec Ford, Burwyn *Co. N.*
Foxvog, Armagh
Dec Gerard, Dorothy
Dec Grabner, John ✓
Hall, Iva
(Heeter, Bernice ✓
Hodges, Fredrica
Hodges, Winifred
Holbrook, May
Hover, Wilma
Jones, Dawn
Dec Leedy, Vera
Lessig, Eleanor

Dec Liebrock, Grace
Miller, Burwyn
Dec Minear, Rulo *Co. N.*
Mitterling, Ople
Parks, Ruth
Peterson, Opal
Phelps, Boyd *U.S.*
Phillips, Paul
Pittenger, Lydia
Dec Rosebrugh, Dorothy
Rose, Pearl
Sehue, Ruby
Sehrader, Reuben
Scott, Virginia *Dec*
Dec Shoup, Mary Kathryn *Dec*
Smith, Beatrice
Stoops, Emma Jeanne
Sunny, Esther
Tenney, Eldon
Walbern, Mabel
Willette, Gretchen
Zimmer, Leah *Dec*

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Memoriam

WILIDENE DESVOIGNE

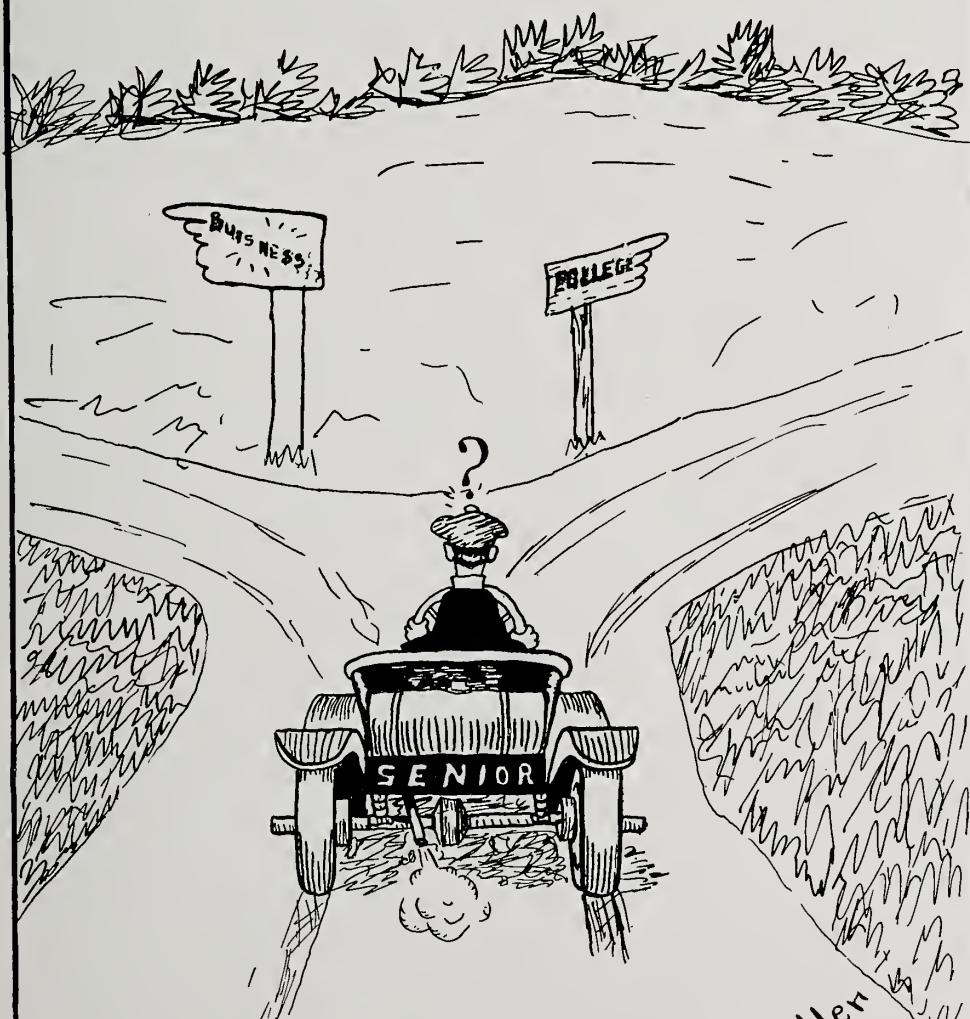
Born May 16, 1901

Died January 21, 1917

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SENIORS



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SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Senior President's Address

IN the fall of the year '13, there entered the halls of the Warsaw High School a worthy body of students. Distinction marked them from the very beginning. First as Freshmen they had no difficulty in finding their classes, and came into the great High School with such an air of dignity as even to amaze the higher classes—a thing quite unusual with a Freshman class, since the first year scholars are seldom more than known to be in existence. With easy grace they bore the just recognition accorded them, and won in the hearts of the teachers a place of rare honor. During the year some belonged to various organizations of the school, and brought into existence the well-known "Primus Latin Club."

In the year '14 with one of the largest class memberships in the school they quietly assumed the duties of Sophomores. Now, modestly realizing their importance in the institution, they began to interest themselves in still other activities, some entering the Glee Club, others taking part in foot ball and basket ball. They rejoiced at their present successes, but the vision of a day so much

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brighter that was to come, so obscured the present as to cause them to gladly be humble in respect of the future.

As they ascended the heights to the Junior class a sense of responsibility seemed to settle upon the class as a whole. This year they entered into practically all activities of the High School. They were well represented in football, in basket ball, in the glee club, in the Operetta Sylvia, in the debating society, in the German club and many were members of the Athletic Association.

On February 1st, the class organized. Later class colors were chosen and a very fine class spirit was manifested. The class was proud of its unity and size, and challenged the valor of the Senior class in a close color engagement, no actual strife, however, occurring. The greatest social success of this year was the Junior-Senior banquet which was given at the Pythian home.

Before school closed for the year the Juniors definitely decided upon publishing an Annual in the Senior year and a staff was elected. The unity, co-operation and spirit of willingness to do on the part of individuals, manifested throughout the Junior year—the factors that proved to be of such vital importance in the Senior year—are highly commendable.

Now, as we come to think of the Senior year of the class of which we have been speaking, the class of '17, our class, we cannot refrain from feeling that this year has proved more pleasant, more satisfactory, more productive of good work, because of the excellent foundation laid in the three years preceding. This year has been the crowning year of our class. In this year we have realized what we could only hope to realize in years previous.

One notable achievement has been the publication of the "Tiger." From the first of the year the people connected with it have zealously labored that the undertaking might be a success. Few High Schools attempt to put out an Annual because of the unusual amount of time and labor necessary. Patience, tact and sound methods are required to carry to success such a work. It is difficult to find words to justly laud such an accomplishment. The quality of the work in our "Tiger" speaks for itself.

We have not only been interested in our class but in the High School as a whole. We have contributed our members to every activity in the school. We have been well represented in the Glee Club whose officers are Seniors and have and have taken parts in the "Nautical Knot" given in '17. Again in athletics we have held worthy places. The captains of both the basket ball teams and the captain of the football team are members of our class. Though athletics in the school has been slightly handicapped the past year, we have scored frequently on the field and on the floor and have been recognized individually for good plays. With one exception, the entire membership of the debating society are Seniors. Good work has been done in this society. Our class play, "The Freshman," was a noteworthy success. The cast was well selected. The play itself had the "right" spirit. The coach was competent and did excellent work.

Now, fellow-classmen, comrades throughout this short High School career we are finishing, may I as president of my class, that class of '17 of which we have been so justly proud, make an attempt, at least to express the personal satisfaction and joy afforded me by the past year's work. I have always been proud of my class. I cannot begin to tell you what a pleasure it has been to me to have your confidence, your good will, to have class affairs glide so smoothly, so perfectly and without personal friction. It has, to my mind, undoubtedly required the exercise of unselfishness, and in some cases, perhaps, self-sacrifice on your part, to avoid unpleasantness, to ward off jealousy, and thus so satisfactorily to co-operate for the good of the whole class. Your work has been good. Much praise is due to you.

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EVA HOUSER—Glee Club '17, Athletic Association '17, Operetta '17, Die Schiller Verein '17.

Behold, thou art fair, yea, pleasant.

RICHARD ROBINSON—Primus Latin Club '14, Athletic Association '14, '15, '17.

What will be, will be whether I will or not, so why exert myself? C.O.H.

HELEN KYLE—Glee Club '14, '15 '16: Athletic Association '15, '17; Operetta '15, '16.

A name not wholly strange.

RAYMOND NEFF—Foot Ball '16, Athletic Association '15, '17.

What would I do with size, when I do so much without it?

LELAH MOON—Basket Ball '14, '15, '17; Glee Club '13, '14; Athletic Association '14, '15, '17.

A blond, a blond, a blue eyed blond, with a character that fits her complexion.

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EDITH ANGLIN—Art Editor "Tiger,"
Athletic Association '17, Debating '17.
A quaker down in quaker town.

WILLIAM ORR—Glee Club '15, '16, '17;
President of '17, Boys' Quartette '16,
Operetta '16, '17; Athletic Association
'17, Secretary of '17, Senior Class Play.

It is not good that man should be alone.

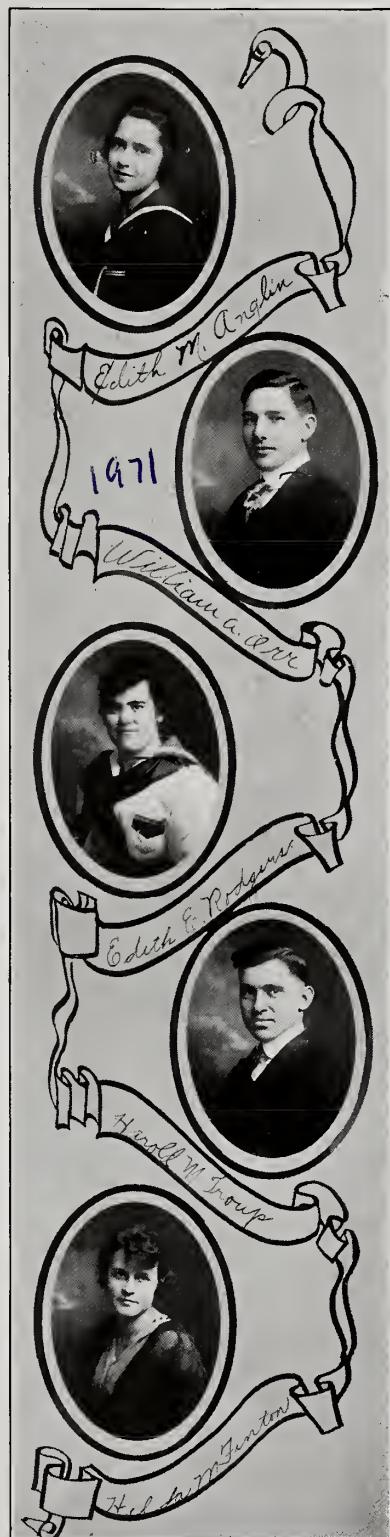
EDITH ROGERS—Basket Ball '16, '17.
*Gentle, modest, unassuming; content
to do her share unrecognized.*

Rec
HAROLD TROUP—Basket Ball '17, Glee
Club '17, Athletic Association '17.

*Even a fool when he holdeth his peace
is counted wise.*

Rec
HILDA FINTON—Glee Club '17, Athletic
Association '17, Operetta '17, Die Schiller
Verein '17.

Life was a bore until this year.



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EDNA BROWN—Primus Latin Club '14, Vice-President '14, Basket Ball '16, Business Manager Girls' Athletics '16, Athletic Association '17, Debating '15, '16, '17; President of '17, Assistant Literary Editor "Tiger."

I will praise any man that will praise me.

WARREN CHISHOLM—Primus Latin Club '14, Treasurer of '14, President Senior Class, Glee Club '16, '17; Vice President of '17, Athletic Association '15, '17; Operetta '16, '17; Debating '17.

A young man that blushes is better than the one who turns pale.

VERA ELDER—Glee Club '14, '15, '17; Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Treasurer of '17, Local Editor "Tiger."

She has sworn to adjure forever the society of all men, save one.

DAN WRIGLEY—Football '16, Basket Ball '17, Athletic Association '17.

Hello, Central, give me Heaven—call up 1006.

BESSIE HOLBROOK—Primus Latin Club '14.

Just call me a scholar; let that be my praise.

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ETOURA MARVEL

Goblins will get you if you don't watch out.

Dec
DEWEY MINER—Glee Club '16, Quartette '16, Athletic Association '17, Assistant Business Manager "Tiger," Debating '16, Senior Class Play.

More than the proverbial preacher's son.

Dec
EDITH RICHARDS—Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Basket Ball '16, '17; Business Manager Girls' Athletics '17, Glee Club '17.

My beauty took a vacation 'bout the time of my creation.

GEORGE OBORN—Primus Latin Club '14, President of '14, Orchestra '15, Brass Quartette '16, Business Manager "Tiger," Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Debating '15, '16; President of '16, Senior Class Play.

Even a side-light of his ambition would pilot an ordinary ideal.

FLORA THOMAS—Athletic Association '14, '15, '17.

Dec Now, hear me a little, I've been silent so long.



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ALICE BAER—Glee Club '15, '16, '17,
Athletic Association '14, '15, '17, Operetta '17.

Ah, why should life all labor be?

HAROLD ALLEMAN—Primus Latin Club '14, Track '15, Literary Editor "Tiger," Athletic Association '15, '17; Debating '17. *CO. H.*

What can he not do?

MARGUERITE CAIN—Primus Latin Club '14.

I speak in a monstrous, little voice.

TOM FRAZER—Primus Latin Club '14, Secretary of '14, Orchestra '15, Brass Quartette '16, Footbool '15, '16; Captain of '16, Basket Ball '16, '17, Business Manager Basket Ball '17, Editor-in-chief "Tiger," Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Debating '17, Die Schiller Verein '17, President of '17, Operetta '17. *CO. H.*

Had he but horns he would rival a goat.

LILLIAN WALTON—Glee Club '14, '16, '17, Treasurer of '17, Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Vice-President '17, Basket Ball '16, Secretary Senior Class, Operetta '17. Senior Class Play.

Laugh? Yes. Why not? 'Tis better than crying a lot.

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VALDA EICHHOLTZ—Glee Club '14, '15, '16, '17; Athletic Association '17, Treasurer Girls' Athletics '17, Debating '17, Treasurer of '17, Operetta '17.

*Wanted! a prescription to reduce my
avoirdupois.*

RAYMOND DYE—Primus Latin Club '14, Base Ball '14, Foot Ball '14, '15, '16, '17; Basket Ball '15, '16, '17; Glee Club '14, '15, '16, '17; Boys' Quartette '16, Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Athletic Editor "Tiger," Operetta '17, Senior Class Play. *C.O.*

*Then he will sing, Ye Gods! how he
will sing.*

MILDRED NORRIS

*If she has a will, she'll do it against all
the watches of the world.*

RUPERT LEHMAN—Primus Latin Club '14, Athletic Association '14, '15, '17.

*Putting all jokes aside, I'm a serious
guy.*

MYRTLE SMITH—Primus Latin Club '14.

Her cardinal virtue is her hair.



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SAMERIMUS KUTZ—Glee Club '15,
Senior Class Play.

*An original, and witty suffragist who
will use her influence for the eman-
cipation of women.*

RALPH BYRER—Athletic Association
'17, Senior Class Play. *C.O. H.*

*I love all the girls, and they all love
me??*

LOIS SELLERS—Primus Latin Club '14,
Glee Club '16.

When found idle—take note of.

BEN MCKRILL—Primus Latin Club '14,
Athletic Association '17.

Country life's the life for me.

IVEL BAER—Primus Latin Club '14.

Always busy—but happy and cheery.

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LYDIA KELLY—Athletic Association
'17.

A maiden never bold.

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MAURICE DEPOY—Primus Latin '14,
Athletic Association '17.

A still small voice.

ALBERTA MENZIE—Glee Club '17,
Athletic Association '17, Operetta '17.

*We love a rosy cheek, or a coral lip ad-
mire.*

ALBERT MINER—Primus Latin Club
'14, Boys' Quartette '16, Basket Ball
'15, '16, '17; Captain '17, Business Manager
Football '17, Glee Club '15, '16,
'17; Athletic Association '14, '15, '17;
Operetta '16, '17. Senior Class Play.

An ardent supporter of co-education.

ELLEN WYMOND—Glee Club '16, Ath-
letic Association '17, Operetta '16, De-
bating '17.

'Tis she! I know her by her gait.



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WILMA TULLY—Primus Latin Club '14.

Jewelry is far better than wisdom???

HERSCHEL BROWN—Foot Ball '16,
Basket Ball '16, '17; Athletic Association
'14, '15, '17. *U.S.A.*

No wedding bells for me!

MABEL TUSING—Glee Club '16, Operetta '16.

Honor goes where honors won, even if not solicited.

RALPH OYLER—Athletic Association '15, '17.

Don't hurry. Haste is to be abhored.

DELTA JEFFRIES—Primus Latin Club '14.

Speak low if you speak to me.

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VIOLA NEHER—Primus Latin Club '14.

Unmuzzle your wisdom.

Hee
FORREST LEIGHTY—Treasurer Senior Class.

He maketh sound with a musical instrument.

Hee
CATHERINE PHILPOTT—Basket Ball '15, '16, '17; Captain of '17, Glee Club '14, '15, '17, Athletic Association '15, '17; Staff Stenographer "Tiger," Operetta '14, '17, Senior Class Play.

Her step is mincing, and her voice a giggle.

Hee
LOREN MELICK—Foot Ball '14, '15, '16, '17; Basket Ball '14, '15, '17; Boys' Quartette '16, Athletic Association '14, '15, '17, Operetta '16, Senior Class Play.

Woman is a woman, a good cigar a smoke. *Co. H.*

GRACE SNELLENBERGER

A quiet unassuming lass.



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ANCI'L VALENTINE

He need not speak, his eyes tell all.

CARL CRITES—Primus Latin Club '14, Athletic Association '14, '15, '17; Glee Club '15.

*Closes his heated discussions with,
"Oh! Hell! You can't argue."*

EFFIE WEIRICK

Wise to resolve and patient to reform.

DARUS FINTON

Silence best speaks the mind.

DONALD MELICK—Primus Latin Club '14, Athletic Association '17.

It has been rumored that Donald had his lessons once.

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Recd
CHARLES ZOLMAN—Athletic Association '15, '17. C.O.H.

He seems real bright in spite of studying.

Recd
LEROY KANTNER—Basket Ball '17,
Athletic Association '17. C.O.H.

Quiet, unruffled, always just the same.



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History of the Class of 1917



N the year 1913 the Warsaw High School was honored with the enrollment of eighty-six fresh and active members. Most of us, being precocious children, were on the alert and did not miss any classes. If we did, no one was the wiser. We looked with awe, yet with mischievous eyes at what we termed teachers. We had such high aspirations and such sedate opinions, that we really surprised the faculty. They had not had time to apply their knowledge of psychology.

The faculty was made up of the following members:

Mr. Fisher, principal, was loved and respected by all. He did much for the advancement of the school standard.

Miss Simons, the well qualified English instructor, made the building seem a welcome place.

Miss Sharp, really made us learn something as she made Algebra indelible with her most characteristic trait.

Miss Rundquist, the Latin teacher, helped to make the atmosphere sociable.

Miss Goshert, head of the culinary department, was naturally fond of the other sex.

Miss Arnold, beater of time did not approve of working out harmony on Sunday.

Art work was conducted by a worthy artist, Mrs. Webber.

Mr. Woody conquered the German element. He was a good scout and took the basket ball children under his wing.

Mr. Krug's pedagogy was somewhat interrupted because of his extremely romantic soul.

Mr. Ashley, nature's symbol, administered agriculture.

Mr. McAlpine was and is a good dictionary of life's problems.

Ever ready and willing to give, we cheerfully promised to help solve the food problem for the penny supper to be given by Miss Goshert's D. S. girls. A diphteria scare saved our generosity for the next time.

November 21, 10 a. m. Time was actually taken off our studies to attend a tabernacle meeting conducted by Bob Jones. The faculty thought it might benefit the future government of our school.

A great many of us, both boys and girls, joined the Athletic Association. The High School team won the skirmish against Winona Aggies on Thanksgiving day because our class furnished scrubs to give them helpful practice and to root along the side lines during the game.

Feeling the need of prodigious physical strength, quite a number were willing to scrub in the basket ball "Gym." Tomaline and Catherine were allowed to sub in the regular games.

Those of us who seemed to love Latin formed a "Primus Latin Club," under the management of Vanja Rundquist.

A social temperament was displayed at our meetings. They were places where we learned many things to the advancement of our knowledge. One of them being, that our instructor was not just a monument to Latin learning but a human being subject to heat and cold.

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Thus we learned to apply the science of reasoning to all our professors and determined that they were just ordinary persons like us, only grown up. Hence not to be feared.

During the course of six months, meetings were held at the homes of Edna Brown, George Oborn, Vernon Maish, Emerson Alleman and Donald Melick.

We held our farewell party for Miss Rundquist at the home of George Oborn, and then the Latin club died as far as the school term was concerned.

Miss Seamons, a lovely girl, instructed us in Latin the remainder of the year.

Miss Rundquist returned to Warsaw for a visit in the summer. The Latin club had a hay rack party in her honor at the home of Wilma Tully.

The Freshmen German element exerted a vast amount of strength in trying to obtain permission to organize a club, but it was of no avail.

Two bob sled parties were held on the same evening. One by the Latin club after which we had a lovely time at Edna Brown's, the other was held by the Freshmen class at the home of Delta Jeffries.

Our last Freshman class party was held at Edna Brown's home on the night of the Junior-Senior banquet. Mr. and Mrs. Guy were the chaperons. As there were only about seventy-five of us, it took nearly all evening to laddle the punch. We celebrated the evening to the fullest height, because it was our last party where good behavior was not expected from us.

September 4, 1914, seventy-four of us began our Sophomore year, with the same professors with the exception of four new ones. Miss Jaques, music director, without an equal, too deeply rooted by the monitor within, in the attainment of her profession, moves on undisturbed by suitors. She instituted a Glee Club, of which a number of us were members.

Miss Thayer was our German teacher but a happy suitor came along and took her away. Her place was filled by the capable Miss Helwig.

Miss Herrick took charge of Latin. She was one of the most just and fair teachers we ever had. If students couldn't get along with her it was their own fault.

The girls who were domestically inclined were delighted with Miss Richards. Of course, all young teachers love to wave the magic wand of authority to impress their dignity. Miss Richards was already on the ship sailing towards the sea of matrimony.

Mr. Miller was commercial professor until spring fever set in. Then commercial learning was taught by an unlucky Swan. He was a good teacher, nevertheless. Commercial teachers seem to love the culinary department.

Mr. Robbins, principal, took charge of chemistry.

Realizing the necessity of credits we did not have so many class social functions this year. By means of Athletics, we kept the physical side balanced with mental. Our Sophomore class party was held at the home of Rulo Minear. We enjoyed a delightful evening and best of all, good eats.

1915 saw sixty-four of us termed as upper classmen.

Basket ball teams were made up, mostly of juniors. Catherine Philpott, forward; Edna Brown, guard; Edith Richards and Lillian Walton, centers. Tom Frazer and Albert Miner, guards; Dale Brown, center. We were proud of them.

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The Operetta, "Sylvia," was given by the Glee Club. Two of our class members, Ellen Wymond and Warren Chisholm, were among the principal characters. We also furnished our share of minor characters, or rather the chorus.

In January we held a class meeting and elected Emerson Alleman, president; Warren Chisholm, vice-president; Lillian Walton, secretary; and Forrest Leighty, treasurer.

We decided to give a banquet at the K. of P. Home in May in honor of the Senior Class. It was a grand success as amusements were contrived to suit different tastes.

Juniors and Seniors showed their regard for each other by holding their annual picnic together at Cripple Gate Heights.

Seniors, think of it! Our last year in old High School, a very busy one.

There were only three pedagogues whose nervous systems could stand the strain of our presence four years. Miss Simons, Miss Sharp, Mr. McAlpine.

A new commercial teacher, Miss Haines, was employed this year. She certainly was useful as well as ornamental in that department. The proof being that shirkers could not get by with their laziness.

Mr. Rhoads, was quite an accomplished person. He was an inspiration to his science classes, especially did he cultivate the art of fiery oratory. Monologue. "Gentlemen, I shall throw your carcasses down the stairs if you cross my temper." His countenances even seem to have caused some maiden's heart to palpitiate.

Of course, considered "wise," Seniors have the right-of-way in the High School. There is no organization that has higher ruling power unless it be the faculty. Even they would be won by "the beauty of our persuasive class."

Naturally, members of our class took more interest in the different organizations of the school because of the Annual. You know, indifference after your name would look terrible in black and white.

The members of both basket ball teams were Seniors with the exception of the girls, Marcella Moon and Hattie Rogers. .

The Glee Club boasted of a number of Seniors and also the Operetta, "The Nautical Knot." It was better than any play ever given by the Glee Club, due mostly to the faithful leadership of Miss Jaques.

Our brilliance began to show itself in our class in our last year. An example: One lovely day when we were having a supply teacher in English, Tom Frazer's sympathetic mind burst in oratory, "Just think of it! We have but one base hospital to supply the needs of our large and copious navy. What will the quivering bodies of our dead soldiers do?"

The annual will be a monument to the Senior Class of 1917 because of the zealous efforts of our staff.

Tom Frazer proved himself to be a capable editor-in-chief.

George Oborn and his assistant, Dewey Miner, were successful business managers.

Edith Anglin's art work lived up to the appearance of its owner.

Harold Alleman and his assistant, Edna Brown, were worthy of their positions.

Raymond Dye took ample care of Athletics.

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While Vera Elder managed the joke department Catherine Philpott did all the drudgery of typewriting.

The cast of the Senior Class play, "The Freshman," began their work in March.

We look forward to future distinction in the world.

VALDA EICHHOLTZ.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1917



RIENDS, citizens and fellow-classmen, we are come together today to view for the last time the remains of the late class of 1917. Look while you may for you will never again behold it so arrayed in its splendid garnments or as students of the Warsaw High School. It is customary for people who feel that their end is near to make a will or dispose of their earthly goods. So the class of 1917, knowing that its days as a class are numbered are determined to make a legal disposal of its effects both real and personal to the under-classmen and faculty who will remain in the school a few more years.

We, the Class of 1917, of Warsaw High School, City of Warsaw, County of Kosciusko, State of Indiana, knowing our days to be numbered and being of sound mind and memory do make and publish this, our last will and testament.

First—Our class spirit, our parties and auto rides; our love for our teachers; our places on the south side of the Assembly room; we will bequeath to the Freshmen Class.

Second—Our class year book and all the worries connected with its publication to the Sophomore Class.

Third—All our organizations, recitations and witticisms we do bequeath to the Junior Class.

To those whom it may concern: Individual bequests are made by class members as follows:

I, Catherine Philpott, do hereby will and bequeath my love for soldier boys and star foot ball players to Ruth Stamate.

I, Lelah Moon, do hereby will and bequeath by blond hair to any one who needs enlightenment.

I, Loren Melick, do hereby will and bequeath my love for little cigars and good tobacco to Clarence Cox.

I, Warren Chisholm, do hereby will and bequeath my esteemed and honorable position and all the troubles and trials accompanying such honors to any one who thinks they haven't troubles enough.

I, Edna Brown, do hereby will and bequeath my ability to successfully imitate a dictaphone running at 60 knots an hour to Faye Crites.

I, Edith Maxine Joan of Arc Anglin, do hereby will my girlish giggles to Miss Helwig and my fondness for Melba powder to Miss Sharp.

I, Flora Thomas, do will my interest in a certain lumber business in the town of Warsaw to some one who wishes to build a substantial romance.

I, Gutter Pup, Grub, Hungry, Human Sewer, Tom Daniel Parks Frazer, do hereby will and bequeath my athletic spirit and my editor-ship of the

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"Tiger" and all my other property real and personal except my interest in the Favorite Cafe and the good things there to any wanderer who feels hungry.

I, Alice Baer, do hereby will and bequeath my poetical ability to anyone who after hearing the following lines wishes to inherit my talents. This is a sample of the above invented qualities:

Mica, Mica, parva stella,
Mirror, quanam sis tam bella.
Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.

I, Delta Jeffries, do hereby will and bequeath my becoming shortness and my fondness for long country drives to Eleanor Lessig.

I, Richard Robinson, do hereby will and bequeath my regard for my teachers to the whole Junior Class.

I, Eva Houser, do hereby bequeath my aetiveness in H. S. soeial cireles to Virginia Phillips.

I, Raymond Neff, do hereby will and bequeath my consuming desire to be able to deal a "lone" in Euchre to Harry Robinson.

I, William Orr, do hereby will and bequeath my ability as an actor to Franklin Ferguson.

I, Edith Rogers, do hereby will and beqneath my immovability on the basket ball floor to Vera Leedy.

I, Harold Troup, do hereby will and bequeath my love for country girls to Boyd Phelps.

We, Hilda Finton and Alberta Menzie, do hereby will and bequeath our fondness for Sunday night dates with the Claypool young men to Gladys Berst and Iva Hall.

I, Vera Elder, do hereby will and beqneath my regard for the Alumni to Edith Boyer.

I, Betty Holbrook, do hereby will and bequeath my thirst for knowledge to Marella Moon.

I, Dan Wrigley, do hereby will and bequeath my peach and cream complexion to George Lehman.

I, Harold Alleman, do hereby will and bequeath my youthful ambition to become an orator to Joe Bowen.

I, Edith Richards, do hereby will and bequeath my bachelor girl's apartments to Beatrice Smith thinking she will profit by possessing some.

We, Dewey Miner and George Oborn, do hereby will and bequeath our abhorrence of informal dances and card parties to auyone who would profit by these virtnes.

I, Marguerite Cain, do hereby will and bequeath my position as a soeial butterfly to the person most desirous of said position.

I, Lillian Walton, do hereby will and bequeath my honored position as the most popular girl in the Senior Class to Dorothy Gerard.

I, Raymond Dye, do hereby will my fondness for coffin nails to Frank Tilman.

I, Valda Eichholtz, do hereby will and bequeath my ability as class Historian to Marjorie Carles.

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I, Rupert Lehman, do hereby will and bequeath my fear of the gentle sex to Lawrence Polk.

I, Mildred Norris, will and bequeath my girlish demurness to Winifred Smith.

I, Myrtle Smith, do hereby will and bequeath my flowing tresses to the High School, to be used to light the Assembly room on dark dreary days.

I, Ralph Byrer, do hereby will and bequeath my pompador to Earl Summy.

I, Ben McKrill, do hereby will and bequeath my desire to flirt with all the girls in school to Ben Deaton.

I, Samerimus Kutz, do hereby will and bequeath my "notes" of which I have a goodly collection to the Junior Class.

I, Lois Sellers, do hereby will and bequeath my desire to catch a "feller" to Euniajeane Stoops.

I, Ivel Baer, do hereby will and bequeath my weak voice in the Senior English class to anyone who would rather be seen than heard.

I, Albert Miner, do hereby will and bequeath my sweet girlish voice to Calvin Shorb.

I, Lydia Kelly, do hereby will and bequeath my position as "teacher's pet" to Esther Tusing.

I, Alberta Menzie, do hereby will and bequeath my fondness for "Weenie Roasts" to anyone who has never enjoyed the above named.

I, Ellen Wymond, do hereby will and bequeath my love of informal dances and card parties to anyone who would like to see two scrupulous young men in full retreat.

I, Hersehel Brown, do hereby will and bequeath my nick-names, one of which is "Micey," to Charles Shorb.

I, Ralph Oyler, do hereby will and bequeath my understanding of chemistry to the chemistry class of 1918.

I, Wilma Tully, do hereby will and bequeath my rosy cheeks to Miss Herrick and hope that she will be able to use their bewitchingness upon some young man.

I, Mabel Tusing, do hereby will and bequeath my demur quaker style to Neva Winebrenner.

I, Forrest Leighty, do hereby will and bequeath my position as class treasurer to anyone who likes to gather in the shekels.

I, Viola Neher, do hereby will and bequeath a "Tin Lizzie" to every member of the Junior Class.

I, Grace Snellenberger, do hereby will and bequeath my red sailor to Hattie Rogers.

I, Leroy Kantner, do hereby will and bequeath my superfluous class spirit to the Junior Class.

I, Carl Crites, do hereby will and bequeath my mackinaw boots to that member of the faculty whom I think is most likely to have an attack of "cold" feet.

I, Darius Finton, do hereby will and bequeath my text books to the Janitor to be used in kindling fires next year.

I, Effie Weirick, do hereby will and bequeath my coquettishness to the girls of the lower classes.

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I, Donald Melick, do hereby will and bequeath my ability as class clown to Edward Funk.

I, Ancil Valentine, do hereby will and bequeath my attention in class to those students who do not possess this quality.

I, Charles Zolman, do hereby will and bequeath my frivolous disposition to Robert Steinbach.

I, Albert Miner, do hereby will and bequeath my fickleness in regard to affairs with the women to Burwyn Miller.

I, Eturia Marvel, do hereby will and bequeath my interest in women suffrage to Gwendolene Hale.

In witness whereof, we, the Seniors of 1917, have to this, our last will and testament, subscribed our names on this eighteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

CARL CRITES, N. P.

Witness: E. E. Robbins, who has since our class became known to him tried to cover our foot prints in the sands of time.

Mr. Houser, who has for the last time portrayed the cheerful faces of our class.

Class Prophecy

THE last school day for recitations was over, and most of the pupils were gone, except for a few laggards in the halls and the teachers who were still busy with school work, the building was empty. While I lingered, waiting to see one of the teachers, I slowly climbed the stairs to the Assembly room. The big room seemed so empty and deserted, a poignant feeling of loneliness swept over it—and me. I walked over to my old desk, almost reverentially, for no longer would I sit in it, no more would High School joys fill my life. I sat there dreaming and musing, thinking of the happy past of our class, and wondering of its future, "What would be life's share for each one of us, how many would reach their goal?"

"I can tell you," a voice said. I started up, for I did not realize that I had been talking out loud. I looked about the room, but I saw no one. "I can tell you" was repeated and I perceived that the sound seemed to come from the bust of an unknown god on the wall in the back of the room.

"Do tell me," I begged, "tell me of the future of our class."

"Of whom would you know first?"

"Who will be the most known and the most renowned?"

"Well," the voice chuckled, "I do not know regarding the most renowned, but Harold Troup will be the most known. Realizing his personal assets, he will make use of his smile. He will be the most known for his beaming countenance which will be posted on billboards all over the country, advertising a superior kind of toothpaste."

"And Catherine Philpott will be the most popular woman in a small Western town, where she will give dancing lessons to the ranchers and city folks alike. With her will be also Tomaline Richards, who has made a small for-

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tune teaching school, and incidentally teaching the natives the wiles and charms of an Eastern girl."

"What will the rest of that crowd do?" I asked.

"Vera Elder will, of course, marry a certain tall youth and they together, here in Warsaw will run the most modern and efficient laundry in Northern Indiana. Then those other two girls, Hilda Finton and Alberta Menzie will do lyceum work, singing and toe dancing and will even startle some chautauqua crowds."

"What about Tom Frazer, will he become the newspaper man as he thinks he will?"

"Yes, Tom growing tired of peddling papers will buy out the papers in this town. What time he will not spend firing office boys and coaching reporters, he will spend in the restaurant owned by Ben McKrill. Habits are terrible things to break, and Tom's habit of eating at all hours is slowly making Ben wealthy."

"What will the president of our class do?"

"Warren Chisholm will return to the South, and in true Southern style live up to his school nickname of Colonel and will also, with the ripening of his poetic ability, become a poet of renown. Forrest Leighty, following the customs of some musicians, will leave his hair grow long and will be the pampered pet of musical circles. Even the Germans will acknowledge his genius!"

"Please tell me something about the girls who don't believe in careers but do believe in matrimony," I asked, and this answer came to me.

"Flora Thomas, having dazzled all your eyes this year with her diamond, will be the proud mistress of a fine home and family. Her cakes and pies will always win prizes at county fairs and bring the most money at church bazaars." "I might have known that," I interrupted, "she always could cook better than any of the rest of us in Domestic Science."

"And then," the voice went on, "Delta Jeffries will marry a man twice her size whom she will manage so wonderfully, that he will never know that he is tied to a woman's apron strings. Marguerite Cain will also marry a rich young farmer who will think her the best little woman in the world.

"Richard Robinson, winning fame in the small war with the Hula Hula warriors, somewhere in the South Sea Islands will be made Colonel in the army. Other members of your class will be concerned in this war. Wilma Tully will drive daringly an aeroplane, doing excellent work reconnoitering. Lois Sellers will be honored for her work as a field nurse and will marry the king of the Hula Hula's, having saved his life."

"I would like to know regarding those of our class who will remain in Warsaw," I said.

"Albert Miner will first go to an Eastern college where his ability to remain a Freshman for several years will make him quite popular. He will later return to Warsaw and become some sort of a business man, with Mildred Norris as his stenographer. It will often be hinted that his stenographer will know more about his business than the owner himself. Others remaining in or near Warsaw will be Leroy Kantner and Ancil Valentine, who will operate a model dairy holding a monopoly of the milk supply for Warsaw and will regulate

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pries to suit themselves. Dan Wrigley, disappointed in love in life, as in school, will become a justice of peace and thus will do for others what can not not be done for himself."

"Are no others of the class going into politics?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, Ralph Oyler will run for president of the United States on the Pacifists' ticket and will be defeated by a few thousand votes. Another political factor in your class will be Semeramis Kutz. She will be the first woman senator from Indiana and will do her work well, building fine public buildings in Monoquet, Clunette and Warsaw."

"Count on Semeramis," said I, "for doing such things. What other girls will have careers?"

"Eva Houser will own and operate a big moving picture corporation in Southern California. Her star will be Lillian Walton, worshipped and adored by "movie" fans all over the country. Myrtle Smith will become an architect, building beautiful buildings at lower pries than her men competitors. Valda Eiehholtz will become, in addition to making a good wife for some lucky man, an artist. Her paintings, some of them which will out-future futurist pictures, will adorn her home and her friend's. Ellen Wymond, having put a great deal of money and time training her voiee, will at last beeome a great grand opera star. She will tour the world in her work and will sing in the capitals of all countries winning a wonderful suecess. Lelah Moon will run a beauty parlor, her ability to dress herself up being her best advertisement."

"Will any of us make any diseoveries in scienee that will be worth while?" I then asked.

"Yes, Rupert Lehman will beeome an astronomer of note. He will discover a comet which will be named for him; however, his fame will come after his death and he will not realize what a great man he is. Billie Orr will spend all his time and his and other people's money trying to make a perpetual motion machine, despite the faet that Prof. Rhoads this year tried to prove to him the impossibility of such a thing.

"In another line of work Ivel Baer and Bessie Holbrook will make a great deal of money. Believing that all people, especiailly women, can be easily trieked they will prepare a skin lotion, advertised to make all users be beautiful. Sinee a bottle of the preparation will sell for fifty eents and its cost about ten eents and sinee great will be the sale of said lotion, their profit will be enormous."

"What will the boys in our class of small stature become?" I wanted to know.

"Hersehel Brown and Raymond Neff will take advantage of their lack of height for they will beeome the "Wonderful Twin Midgets" of a big cireus. Don Meliek, having drawn pictures during school hours in placee of studying, will beeome a eartoonist. His funny pictures in the Sunday papers will make even pessimists grin. Maurice DePoy will beeome such a lawyer that great will be the wonder that his small head can carry all he well knew."

"Will any one teach school?"

"Yes, Carl Crites, having never been satisfied with the management of the High school here, will be the principal of a perfect High School in Alaska, putting into practice some of his theories.

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"Edith Rodgers and Effie Weirick teaching school and fearing to become ladies-in-waiting will advertise for husbands. They will marry rich fruit-growers in Michigan and will never regret their boldness.

"Alice Baer will elope with a fellow whose only good point is his wealth and who will obligingly die, leaving Alice to carry off the 'merry widow act' to perfection.

"Then several of the girls will go to Chicago to live. Helen Kyle will be one. During the day she will answer 'hello' calls, taking advantage of her many opportunities, will become a proficient flirt and, later, a good wife for one of her victims.

"Lyda Kelly and Etouria Marvel will also go to Chicago. Lyda will become a physical culture teacher in a school and Etouria will own and operate a candy shop which will bring in much profit.

"Here in Warsaw Viola Neher will become an agent and demonstrator for Fords. Raymond Dye having finally worn out his Saxon will take it to pieces and with some more chink build a new car, patent it and then sell cars like it all over the country.

"The Japanese having immigrated to western U. S. in great numbers, Ralph Byrer will become vitally interested in the Japanese question. Wishing to prove the equality of the yellow and white races, he will marry a Japanese woman and in time both will be very sorry that Ralph ever had such an idea.

"United States having annexed Mexico, Mabel Tusing and Grace Snellenberger will go to Mexico to educate the heathen. They will have some exciting adventures but will finally convert two of the bandits.

"Charles Zolman will own a pool room on the main street of Warsaw and will operate it to the satisfaction of every loafer in town.

"Darius Finton will own a green house. He will also experiment in growing flowers and in making new specimens, producing many beautiful plants.

"Lauren Meliek will actually become a Doctor and will go about the country lecturing to boys on the evils of cigarette smoking.

"Harold Alleman, having acquired a monocle, the habit of smoking imported cigarettes, and a foreign accent, will write snappy short stories for the most popular magazine in the country.

"George Oborn and Dewey Miner will become traveling evangelists, pounding and denouncing from pulpits all over the country, the wayward tendencies of this generation.

"Now there are only two more in your class to tell about, Edith Anglin and yourself. Edith will become a society woman in Pittsburgh and——"

"Wake up! Wake up!" I heard some one demand while I felt myself rudely shaken. "Why, Why, Why? Have I been asleep?"

"Asleep, well, I should think you have," said the janitor quite crossly, "the teachers are all going and I want to lock up."

"Well, I'm only glad I wasn't locked in," I said as I meekly left the room, "only I'm sorry you spoiled my dream, just when I was about to learn my own future." But the janitor glared at me so that I fled.

EDNA ELIZABETH BROWN.

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As the dusk of eve was falling,
In the magic spell of twilight,
As I sat in silence, musing,
Thinking of our High School pleasures,
Of Commencement, fast approaching,
Lo, I heard a voice beside me,
Heard a soft gentle whisper
Breathe into my ears this message:
"Oh, thou happy High School Senior,
Thou whose class is now departing
From the ranks of Warsaw High School,
Watch, and thou shalt see a vision
Pictures of a sheltered harbor,
'Twas a wondrous land-locked harbor,
With it's smooth and rippling waters,
And a calm blue sky above it.
Naught saw I of storm or tempest,
All was calm and wondrous pleasant.
"This," the voice said, speaking softly,
"Is the school you are now leaving."
In the harbor bright and rippling,
There appeared some learned pilots,—
Pilots wise and good and pleasant.
Men they were who knew their business.
On the shore and in the harbor
Many youthful students, learning,—
Learning how to use the compass,
How to furl the sails in tempest,
How to wisely use the breezes,
How to avoid the awful breakers,
On the ocean they must traverse.
Some there were who liked to idle,—
Gath'ring pebbles on the sea shore,
Paddling in the rippling water,
Anything but learn the lessons
That the pilot sought to teach them.
Others love to work and study,
Strove their best to run their vessels,
Strove to profit by instructions.
For each year a class departed:
Sailors, starting on the ocean,
Leaving pilots all behind them,

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Each must guide his own bark, seaward,
If in harbor they had studied,
Studiously they'd learned their lessons,
Then, upon the ocean stormy,
They knew how to use the compass,
They would miss the perilous icebergs,
And the storms could safely weather.
But if, safely in the harbor,
They had spent their hours in idling,
Gath'ring pebbles on the seashore,
Paddling idly in the waters,—
Then when storms on sea assail them
They would end in awful shipwreck,
Knowing not the way to handle
Safely now, their little vessel.

We have been within the harbor,
Taught by teachers wise and learned,—
Teachers who have sailed the ocean,
Whose experiences have taught them
How to sail their vessels safely
On Life's ocean dark and dangerous,
How to counsel us with wisdom.
Few of us have gathered pebbles.
Rather have we grasped our chances,
Wisely learning from our pilots
Lessons ne'er to be forgotten.

May our Class of Sev'nteen, leaving
Now our harbor in the High School,
Ent'ring on Life's Ocean voyage,
Find the passage very pleasant.
May we hoist our sails, undaunted,
Bravely go to meet the Future,
Safely pass by every iceberg,
Safely sail through every tempest,
Safely find our route, uncharted;
And in that far distant harbor
In the land of Life Eternal,
May we come to anchor safely,
Not a single one be missing,—
Every vessel come to anchor.

VIOLA C. NEHER.

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SENIOR CLASS SONG

WORDS BY L. KANTNER.

ITALIAN LYRIC

Sheet music for "The Tiger Senior Class Song" featuring lyrics in English and Italian. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are as follows:

HERE HERE MAN — Y
HERE IN THESE

HAP — PY DAYS W'EVE SPENT TO — GETH — ER, MAY NO STORM COME TO MARK
HALLS SO DEAR LOVED FACE — S GREET US, SOON WE MUST BID A — DIEU

LIFE'S SUN — NY WEATH — ER. SUC — CESS TO ALL WHO HERE, OUR HOPES ARE
NO MORE THEY'LL MEET US. BUT IN THE YEARS TO COME, IN MEMORY WILL

SHRR — ING, AND BRING US TO THE END LIFE'S HON — OR WEAR — ING.
A — BIDE, TRUTHS THAT WEVE GAR — NERED HERE THRU LIFE TO GUIDE US

SAD — LY WE NOW MUST SAY TO CLASS — MATES HERE TO — DRY: FARE — WELL, DEAR
NOW WE MUST BID A — DIEU TO COM — RADS TRIED AND TRUE: FARE — WELL, DEAR

COM — RADS, FARE — WELL, DEAR COM — RADS.
COM — RADS, FARE — WELL, DEAR COM — RADS.

DO COMINATE

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Senior Class Song

(Tune to "A Perfect Day")

When you come to the end of your High School days,
And you bid your class-mates farewell,
When your thoughts go back to those happy days
Of joys that you ne'er can tell,
Do you think what the memories of High School days
Can mean to a lonely heart,
When the four long years have come and gone
And the class-mates have to part?

Well, this is the end of our High School days,
And the time we must say farewell
To the joys and trials of those by-gone days,
All of which we fondly recall.
And all through the years as they come and go,
Will come memories of friends so dear,
And though miles apart, we'll be near in heart,
We, the Seniors of '17.

HELEN KYLE.

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SENIORS IN THE BUD

1. Flora Thomas.	13. Mabel Tusing.	23. Edith Rodgers.
3. Edith Bryan.	14. Ralph Byrer.	24. Lois Sellers.
4. Tom Frazer.	15. Vera Elder.	25. Hershel Brown.
5. Carl Crites.	16. Lillian Walton.	26. Donald Meliek.
7. Etoura Marvel.	17. Semeramis Kutz.	27. William Orr.
8. Valda Eichholtz.	18. Marguerite Cain.	28. Edith Anglin.
9. Delta Jefferies.	19. Mildred Norris.	29. Dewey Miner.
10. Edna Brown.	20. Graee Suellenberger.	30. George Oborn.
11. Ben McKrill.	21. Ellen Wymond.	31. Eva Houser.
12. Viola Neher.	22. Lauren Meliek.	

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JOKE S



B. MALLER
1917

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Notice

Friends, relatives, neighbors and fellow students! It is my duty to now inform you that this is the joke department and epitaphs you find herein are jokes. Perhaps some other members of the class or faculty could have better filled my position but I have only tried to do my duty. Some of these jokes you have no doubt already heard but you might laugh just the same to please the editor.

Many of these jokes are on the teachers and we hereby give you permission to laugh at them as much as you please, since school is almost over. Others are on ivory headed students whom you doubtless know without introduction and still others on that famous department known as Domestic Science.

Although your grins may be counterfeit, still I remain,

Yours truly,

THE EDITOR.

Mr. Rhoads—"Did you ever watch a bee come into the hive and see those large puffs of pollen on its legs? Well, what's it for?"

John Kline (thoughtfully)—"That's so he won't slip."

A Freshman's Contrast of Abraham and Lot.

Abraham and Lot were descendants of God. Lot was Abraham's nephew and Abraham being Lot's uncle. Abraham was a very kind hearted and good dispositioned man while Lot was just the opposite.

Thus, when time came that Lot and Abraham would have to move on account of not having enough land for their cattle, Lot took the land which was watered well and left Abraham the ones which were not watered.

Sophomore—"I could write our class poem if I had the mind."

Freshman—"It's a shame you haven't."

Miss Simons—"What are you doing back there, Orin?"

Orin L.—"Fishing."

Miss Simons—"Well, come here in the front row where they are biting."

Our teachers find it easy to say, "Get quiet." Example is better than precept and some of them show us it can't be done.

Probably our dear friend and companion, Raymond Dye, will appreciate the suggestion that owners of small ears will find a shawl-strap more convenient than a tow-line.

Red L.—"What's that sticky stuff you see on pine trees?"

Mr. Rhoads—"What do you think it is?"

Red L.—"Salve."

Mr. Rhoads—"Oh, that's what you are handing me."

Miss Haines—"What part of .16 is .08?"

Edith Rodgers—"Two."

1917

THE TIGER

*The photo work for this book was
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1917

THE TIGER

GEMS.

If Fanny Sharp began squeaking would Ralph Oyler?
If Vera Leedy was for sale would Ralph Byrer?
If Lelah Moon lost her happy home would Eva Houser?
If Catherine Philpott ran a blacksmith shop would Ruby Schue?
If Donald Melick ran a restaurant would Monness Cook?
If Gretchen Willette fell down would Edna Razor?
If Mr. Robbins should fall in Center Lake would Bunny Ford?
If Eleanor Lessig cooked potatoes would Vernon Maish?
If Bunny Ford would pull would Iva Hall?
If Virginia was cold would Bernice Heeter?

Senior (in English class speaking of Ann Bradstreet)—“She wrote poems, and besides that she kept a house and eight kids.”

FACULTY POEMS.



BOY WANTED

Do we like him—well I guess,
Good old Mae!
When our minds are almost blurred
He talks History—on my word,
What he don't know—ain't occurred!

Do we know him? Sure, why, yes,
Don't you know!
Tells us tales about his school days,
Gives us parties, and his rule stays,
In our mem'ry bright as jewel rays,
Honest so!

In all the Northern countries
The Robbins leave in Fall,
And fail to sing until the spring,
Except our Robbin—tall.

We've often wondered why 'twas so,
This very funny thing,
That Prof. Robbins comes in fall
And sings until the spring.

Teacher—“How long can a person live without brains?”
Student—“I don't know. How old are you?”

Freshmen—Irresponsible.
Sophomores—Irrepressible.
Juniors—Irresistable.
Seniors—Irreproachable.

Miss Sharp—“John, why are you scratching your head?”
John—“Because I am the only one that knows when it itches?”

Miss Haines (in Arithmetic, giving instructions)—“I meant for you to take every other seat, you on the back now just spread out.”

Miss Simons (to a class of Senior English)—“Not every class can absorb History of Literature and associate reading of that period as your class has and I shall feel very much bereaved when you leave school.”

George Oborn—“Did you say relieved?”

1917

THE TIGER

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else. They want something dif-
ferent, exclusive, individual.

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& Marx*

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from; lots of new ideas; lots of
smart designs; all-wool fabrics,
colors, models.

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THE TIGER

To a Freshman (who got one hundred dollars too much in problem).

Miss Sharp—"Please think about this, you are figuring about the present high cost of living."

History Teacher—"How did the Cliff dwellers keep warm in winter?"

Pupil—"Why, I suppose they used the mountain range."

Sammy Kutz (after ripping seams all P. M. in sewing)—"Gee, I've had a ripping good time this afternoon."

Teachers tell us to study our books diligently. It is evident that some of them have found insurmountable difficulties there.

Miss Richards assumes great responsibility—"Friday we'll finish making candy and I'll have dates for all of you."

WHO SAID THAT?



OUR PRESIDENTS

Tom Frazer couldn't eat;
Dale Brown has small feet;
E. E. Robbins can't talk;
Or Mae can't walk;
Albert Miner means work;
George Oborn won't shirk;
Raymond Dye made love;
All Freshmen get a shove;
Edith Richards won't marry;
Ralph Oyler shall cease to tarry;
Catherine Philpott won't sing;
Vera Elder has a diamond ring;
The Faculty is a bunch of sports;
Until you put them out of sorts.

IN CHURCH.

Ben Deaton (singing lustily)—"I am a stranger here."
Lady next him—"You needn't emphasize the fact."

MAC'S PHILOSOPHY.

Mae—"The class of '18 will be a remarkably good class. I have positive evidence of it."

Smart Boy—"What's that?"

Mae—"There's such an unusually high percentage of girls in it."

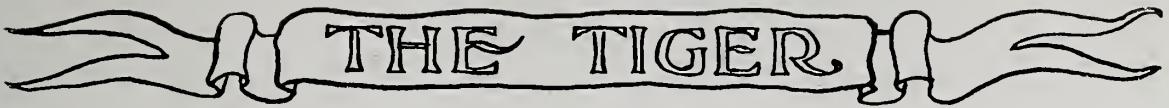
"How I love its giddy gurgle,
How I love its fluent flow,
How I love to wind my mouth up,
How I love to see it go."

—Harold Troup.

Ellen Wymond (visiting Scott's)—"Coal is so high this year that father said he was going to send my little sister to the station to make faces at the engineer so he would throw coal at her."

Wilma Scott—"Why don't you go down and sing for them, Ellen?"

1917



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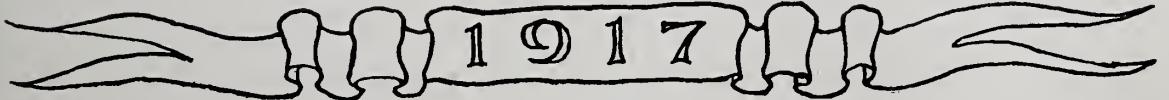
L. W. ROYSE

E. E. GASKILL

DR. A. C. McDONALD

JOHN M. CURTNER

A. O. CATLIN



1917

THE TIGER

HIGH SCHOOL DECALOGUE.

1. Thou shouldst cease loafing for it is soon examination time.
2. Thou shouldst remember that great sorrow lies in failure on examinations.
3. Thou shouldst not expect greater things than thou dost work for.
4. Remember the motto, "Honesty is the best policy" and keep it. Wholly nineteen days hast thou to gain legitimately all information from thy neighbors and teachers but the twentieth day is the day in which no man should hand in anything but the fruits of his own labor.
5. Honor thy brains whether few or many, and allow them to use their reasoning power.
6. Thou shalt answer the questions according to thy own knowledge and no one's else.
7. Thou shouldst remember that poor honest grades are rather to be chosen than dishonest good grades. Try for the honest good grades.
8. Fret not thyself if thy neighbor's fruits are more abundant than thine own, even if they are honest, but make up thy mind to work harder next time.
9. Work diligently, think straight, and report accurately.
10. Then thou shalt find success.

Mac—"What was the cause of the death of Alexander III of Russia?"

Freshman—"He was killed by a bomb."

Mac—"How do you account for that?"

Freshman—"It exploded."

Mr. Rhoads—"Of what use is the skin of an apple?"

Freshy—"The outside of an apple is to keep the inside in."

O! Captain! My Captain! our fearful game is here,
The team has practiced every night but not enough, I fear,
The time draws near the whistle I hear, My heart is sure a beating,
While follow eyes that other line their anger fast a-heating,
But O Heart! Heart! Heart!
O Gee! what makes me shiver?
My knees they wobble to and fro,
My heart is in my liver!

O Captain! My Captain! our fearful game is done,
The team has laid out every man, the prize we sought is won,
The end draws near the yells I hear, the people all a glaring,
While follow eyes our steady line, our old team grim and daring,
But O Heart! Heart! Heart!
O faith, what do I see,
There on the field our Dye boy lies,
Wounded in the knee.

Wm. Orr (slightly befuddled)—"Say, Mae, when are we to have those Civie books?"

Mae—"By a week from Monday I think, they will be the same as those used last year and year before."

Lydia Kelly—"What make did you say those Physics books were?"

1917

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THE TIGER

Sophomore and Freshman (at football game):

Freshman—"Is the quarter-back a Senior?"

Sophomore—"No, Why?"

Freshman—"I thought he must be, he knows such a lot of numbers."

A short time ago Mr. Rhoads was in a large city where the revolving door system is used. He explained it thus: "It is an extended corridor that has no ultimate termination," said the absent-minded one.

"A mother's pride, a father's joy."—Dye.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine eyes."—Mae.

"But for mine own part it was Greek to me."—Bernice, in Virgil.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."—Grace Leibrook.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned."—Dorothy Catlin.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, that one small head should carry all he knew."—George Oborn.

Senior—"Say, Freshie, you seem to be good at weights and measures, tell me how much does the New York Sub-way?"

Bright Freshie—"Two tons."

Senior (rather flabber-gasted)—"How do you get that?"

Freshie (still bright)—"Up ton (town) and down ton (town)."

Miss Simons—"If they didn't do what the church dictated they were excommunicated."

Ralph—"Did that necessarily mean they went to the -er-the bad place?"

How much does Rome-o? It's according to how much Julia-et.

Grace Liebrook (translating Virgil)—"Moremar Armus"—meaning "Let us die in arms if we must die." "I can't translate that."

Miss Herriek—"Oh, yes, you can."

Grace—"Oh, I know, I wish I could die."

Miss Helwig (to Freshman, who was modest about using "hell," the German word for light)—"You will have to get used to 'hell' pretty soon."

Miss Helwig believes in preparedness.

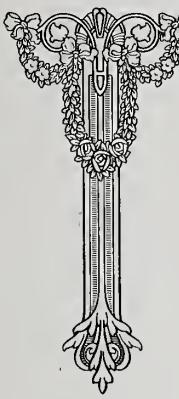
Stranger (to Albert)—"Say, Bud, where is Indiana street?"

Albert—"While your mode of address, Sir, seems to me to suffer of undue, not to say unwarrantable familiarity. You shall have the information you seek. You will, perchance, desire some distance up the street an imposing structure. The street for which you inquire is immediately contiguous."

Bessie Holbrook, who was preparing an English paper found it necessary to put the day of the month on the manuscript. She directed her gaze to a "Freshie" who occupied the seat in front of her and said, "Would you mind telling me the date?" Smilingly, he answered, "Why any time it's most convenient for you."

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FASHION NOTES.

If your jaws have a long stroke, don't wear a tight veil when you chew gum.

The rise in the prices of brooms may be accounted for by the reckless waste in the straw voting last Fall.

It is best to avoid a break with a bad egg.

A girl of today is fond of needlework. She will run the victrola for hours at a time—provided she has a dancing partner.

There is one thing you will never find among the fifty-seven articles in a boy's pockets—a cake of soap.

OUR FRESHMEN.

As fresh as the meadow's dewy sheen,
On a sunlit morn in June,
As green as the pod of an unripe bean,
That somebody pulled too soon.

Our Freshmen.

As Fresh as the fish that grabbed your hook,
Behind a sunken log.
As green as the polywag down in the brook,
That will sometime be a frog;

Our Freshmen.

As soft as the pussy cat's silken fur,
When she sleeps on the hearth at night,
As gentle as that same pussy cat's purr,
When you happen to stroke her right;

Our Freshmen.

"Are you laughing at me?", demanded Mr. Rhoads in Botany.

"No, sir," came the reply.

"Then what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

"Hey! Dye, who was that girl you was with from North Manchester?"

"G'wan."

CLASSIFIED ADS.

Wanted—More inches to the foot.—Alta Stansifer.

Wanted—More light on the subject.—"Fergy."

Wanted—A victrola to talk to him during lonesome hours in the Assembly.—E. E. Robbins.

Wanted—Position for chief editor for any paper or magazine.—Tom Frazer.

Wanted—A good rat dog.—"Mieey" Brown.

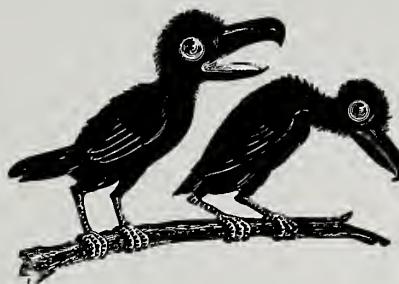
For Sale—Several pounds advoirdnpois.—Eldon Tenny.

Mae (talking of D. S.)—"I wonder how you girls would like dates with nuts for desserts?"

1917

THE TIGER

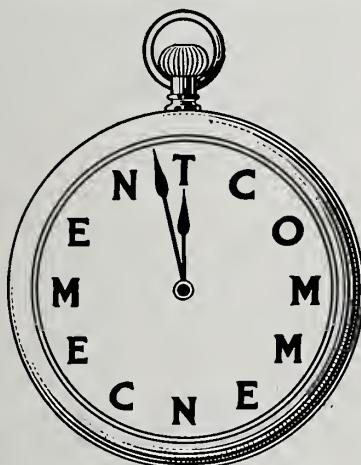
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Of all the days that have ever been
May Commencement Day, now be
The happiest day, you have ever seen
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THE TIGER

FOOT BALL AND SHAKESPEARE.

"Well placed."—Henry V.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.

"I do commend you to their backs."—Macbeth.

"This shouldering of each other."—Henry VI.

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Antony and Cleopatra.

"I'll catch it ere it comes to ground."—Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.

"More rushes, more rushes!"—Henry IV.

"Worthy sir, thou bleedest, they exercise hath been too violent."



THE BIG 4

Miss Herrick—"Give me the principal parts of piget."

Freshman—"Pigo, pigere, squeali, gruntum."

3 grins	1 giggle
3 giggles	1 smile
3 smiles	1 laugh
3 laughs	10 off

Norman—"Was Howard surprised when you told him he flunked in Algebra?"

Theodore—"Yes, he said, it never entered his head."

Lena Sigler (to Mr. Rhoads)—"I wish to ask a question about a tragedy."

Rhoads—"Yes!"

Lena—"What is my grade?"

"Ez to my principles, I glory
In hevin nothin' o' the sort."

—Polk.

Chas. Kerr—"Mr. Rhoads, I had my pencil before I looked in this microscope and I can't find it now."

Miss Haines (in Freshman English Class)—"Lawrence, what is the meaning of pious?"

Lawrence (without thought)—"Full of pie."

Ancient History Examination—"Name the three races of men we have studied."

Answer—"The three races of men we have studied are two, three and five mile races." (This was one time the joke was not on a Freshman).

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS.

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."—Lois Sellers.

"I am as sober as a judge."—Viola Neher.

"Is there no regard of place, person or time in you?"—G. O. to E. B. and M. Me. in the M. E. Gym.

"More blaek than the buds at the first of March."—"Fergy."

"My life is one darned horrid grind."—Ben Deaton.)

1917

THE TIGER

GRADUATES from high school do not always know what their life work is to be, nor for what they are best suited. The profession of dentistry is becoming more attractive each year.

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W. A. MC. AT 25

George Oborn's Sentiments.

I wish I was a rock,
A sittin' on a hill,
And didn't have a thing to do,
But keep on sittin' still,
I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash,
I'd sit there most a thousand years,
And rest myself, b'gosh.

FAMOUS STORIES.

- “The Wanderer.”—Robbins.
- “Les Miserables.”—Eight Hour List.
- “Tale of a Tub.”—Eldon Tenney.
- “Paradise Lost.”—Ben Deaton.
- “Paradise Regained.”—George Oborn.
- “The Dear Slayer.”—Dye.
- “The Dunciad.”—Freshies.
- “Hours of Idleness.”—Eight Hours.

Mr. Rhoads and members of School Board on foot ball field—“Mr. Rhoads, did you ever take notes on football?”

Mr. Rhoads—“Not on football, but on basketball, and I have decided after this I will have to have the cash.”

Bill Orr may be a good farmer but he is a Bum Gardener.

Rhoads to Freshman—“Who was Thomas Jefferson?”

Freshman—“The colored man that Jess Willard beat.”

Cye—“Kate will you be mine?”

Kate—“Yes, on one condition.”

Cye—“That's all right, I entered the Sophomore Class on three.”

Good conduct consists of learning to laugh when the teacher laughs, AND NO OTHER TIME.

Teaehier—“What is your most common speech?”

Senior—“I don't know.”

Teacher—“That is correct.”

Three Junior girls (talking about Kappa banquet).

One—“I heard that they were going to have toasts and how I hate them.”

Freshman (misunderstanding)—“Toast at a banquet? How will they fix it?”

“How did you get that stiteh in your side?”

“Oh, I got hemmed in a crowd.”

A quadratic is in its simplest form when the number under the radical sign does not contain any perfect fractures.

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Mrs. McConnell's store has just been remodeled for the comfort and pleasure of her customers.

1917

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September

"Tis the radiant rare September,
With clusters ripe on the vine,
With scents that mingle with spicay tingle,
In the hill slope's glimmering line.

And summer's a step behind us,
And autumn's thought before,
And each sweet day, we meet on the way,
Is an angel at the door.

September 4—School opened with the usual flurry. Austere Senior, green and excited first year students.

September 5—This day set apart for telling the Freshmen where to go and the worldly Sophomores what to take in their course and why they take it.

September 6—Usual school work; nobody has nuthin' to do.

September 7—Ditto. Foot ball practice started.

September 8—Friday, and everybody's glad; tomorrow is Saturday.

September 11—Monday. Excitement over. Tomaline forgot to go to class today. Miss Helwig is looking exceedingly gay—since her friend is here.

September 12—Miss Jaques' first appearance today. Beginning to like Glee Club.

September 13—Everybody seems to be busy today. Nothing exciting to do at all.

September 14—Miss Haines has an unusually bright class in Commercial Arithmetic. Tomaline told her how to work mental problems a new way.

September 15—Athletic Association met and elected officers. Looks like athletics were going to make a hit this year.

September 16—Nothing out of the ordinary happened this day.

September 17—Blue Monday. Sleepy children.

September 18—Mr. Rhoads tells us to bring 25 cents so we may belong to the Athletic Association.

September 19—Meeting of the Senior Class to decide upon pins and rings, invitations, etc.

September 20—School work as usual. Lelah is quite an adventuress. She captured a worm on Darius Finton's coat.

September 21—Mr. Robbins tells us he has seen white black-berries—the picture he says. We are going to hear about Mr. Burbank and see some pictures about him.

September 22—We have a row of Freshmen before us this morning.

September 25—Nothing doing. Fair started.

September 26—Tickets given out for the foot ball game Saturday.

September 27—Blue Thursday. Got out early for the Fair. Glee Club has to warble on court house steps.

September 29—Got out of school today.

September 30—Foot ball game here today. Won decisive victory over Ligonier.

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Auld Class Pins and Rings

*Designed exclusively for the discriminating
classes, who put quality ahead of price*



THE D. L. AULD CO.
Manufacturing Jewelers
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Official Jewelers to the Class of '17

1917

THE TIGER

October

You may wonder why we're happy?
Harvest time is here,
'Tis the radiant rare October
Best time of all the year.

October 2—Announcement made. Report cards are to be handed out at noon.
P. M. Some are happy, some are sad.

October 3—Mr. Rhoads tells us that Elkhart will play here next Saturday.
Admission tickets will be handed out to be sold.

October 4—Junior class meeting today.

October 5—Fire drill first period.

October 6—Sophomores' class meeting today. High School mass meeting at 7:30 to advertise Saturday's game with Elkhart.

October 7—Saturday. One of the fastest games of the season, Warsaw vs. Elkhart. Our boys scored 13 to 32; the highest score made in a game with Elkhart for 8 years.

October 9—Rain, but everybody's bright. After Mr. Rhoads had given us a short talk on athletics—foot ball in particular—we sang "The Orange and The Black," to show our appreciation of Saturday's effort made evident in the game.

October 10—Mr. Robbins lectures on why we lose books. Good advice, please everybody absorb some. Rhoads spills the soup; in trying to adjust the radiator which was banging like distant thunder, our hero flooded the class room with a combination of water and steam. Harold advises a correspondence course in plumbing.

October 11—Faculty meeting. A meeting of old heads to cuss and discuss the little cherubs.

October 12—Signs of rain.

October 13—Rain is here. The girls entertain the foot ball boys at a delicious feed at the home of Tomaline Richards.

October 19—Thursday morning program exceptionally well done.

October 20—Unusual school work.

October 21—Saturday, Warsaw defeated in foot ball by Wabash High School.

October 23—Senior rings and pins arrive.

October 24—Basket ball girls meet.

October 25—Senior meeting to decide about a High School masquerade.

October 26—Announcement of High School masquerades next Monday eve.

October 30—All preparing to go to the H. S. masquerade tonight. Mr. Rhoads introduces us to the foot ball team and announces the game of next Saturday.

October 31—Tuesday. The morning after the night before. The Masquerade a decided success from start to finish.

1917

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We invite the attention of each wage earner and young person, to our **Savings Department**. It affords a profitable place for the accumulation of small savings.

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for young men

PHILLIPSON'S

DICKEY & SONS WARSAW

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for women and girls*

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November

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves like dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

November 1—Evidence of clown races, negro wenches, and colonial ladies.
November 3—Usual happy countenances.
November 4—Football, Warsaw vs. Peru. Game forfeited. Remember the 1.
November 6—Raymond arrives on four pins. Usual speech concerning report cards.
November 7—Election day. Straw vote of High School proves Hughes the topic of discussion.
November 8—School work continued.
November 9—Boys' basket ball started.
November 10—Bruce Evans, Baptist evangelist, gave us a short talk on "Success," inspiring because of his unusual wit, humor, and foreign manner
Mr. Evans—"Do you know why your school room is like a Ford?"
No answer.
Mr. Evans—"Because it has a crank in front and a lot of nuts behind."
November 13—Blue Monday.
November 14—Work continued.
November 15—More work.
November 16—Tests in various subjects begun.
November 17—Eighth hour value in the front row. Get them now! First snow of the season.
November 20—School dismissed this A. M. on account of furnace trouble.
November 21—Test in History. It seems that some Seniors don't believe all they read.
November 22—It looks as if the High School had turned into a kindergarten.
Alice makes a charming small girl? Maybe this is for the benefit of the faculty.
November 23—Lots of Friday gladness after a strenuous test week.
November 25—Girls continue basket ball practice. Carl Crites announces Thanksgiving dance.
November 28—Usual monthly wail. Report cards handed out.
November 29—Tuesday. Mr. Robbins tells us there will be no school after Wednesday P. M. Dr. Richardson of Winona College gave a lecture on Egyptian Archeology. Very interesting to those of Mac's Ancient History Class who find that subject a bore.
November 30—Thanksgiving vacation.

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December

These winter nights against my window pane,
Nature with busy pencil draws designs,
Of ferns, and blossoms, and fine sprays of vines,
Oak leaf and acorn, and fantastic lines,
Which she will make when summer comes,
Quaint arabesque in argent, flat and cold,
Like curious Chinese etchings—Bye and Bye.

Walking in my leafy garden as of old,
Those frosty fantasies shall charm my eye,
In azure, damask, emerald, and gold.

—Aldrich

December 4—Usual work continued.

December 5—Evidence of prosperity—Ben Deaton has a new tie. Football W's handed to 14 men deserving of worthy mention.

December 6—Lives of great men all remind us, of this fact to make a note, all one needs to be a statesman, is a long Prince Albert coat.

December 7—"Gloom."

December 8—There's a reason for all this joy.

December 11—Girls defeated Milford in basket ball, 23-3.

December 12—Glee Club practice, parts given out for the Operetta.

December 13—Snow.

December 14—Thursday morning program. Some Seniors possess unusual talent.

December 15—There's always something to take the joys out of life. Mr. Robbins felt called upon to dismiss school the fourth period.

December 18—Notice—To all the occupants of the North Hall—Edith Boyer will serve lunch at 8:15 promptly each morning this week.

December 19—Mr. Kaufman announces that school will close for two weeks Christmas vacation on December 22.

December 20—Girls' basket ball practice.

December 22—Senior Class Meeting at 3:30. School closes for two weeks.

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THE TIGER

January

Sparkling world and shining sky,
Sleighbells jingling joyfully by,
Skates that gleam and sleds that fly,
Make up January.

January 7—The assembly room is this morning blest with a new clock presented by Seniors of '15. Report cards. Fourth appearance.

January 8—Glee Club practice resumed.

January 9—Girls' basket ball team preparing to meet their formidable opponents—Elkhart.

January 10—Sophomore Class Meeting.

January 11—Generally All in after a week of strenuous recalling.

January 15—In the very atmosphere there is knowledge. Girls win Elkhart game, 14-13. Here's to the Captain.

January 16—Boys' basket ball team forced to disband on account of lack of funds.

January 17—D. S. Girls start action for a penny supper to be given Friday, January 26, 1916.

January 18—Sophomore Class meet 11:30. Looks serious, Seniors!

January 19—Girls defeated by Ft. Wayne H. S. in basket ball. Sad, but true.

January 22—Posters for penny supper Friday eve in evidence. Freshman class meeting at 11:30.

January 23—Glee Club practice.

January 24—School dismissed to attend the funeral services of Willodean Des Voigne, Junior.

January 25—Popularity contest closed. Miss Iva Hall won by 150 votes.

January 26—Penny supper this eve at 5:30. Basket ball at 7:00. Warsaw Girls vs. Milford Girls. Meeting of Athletic Association at 11:30.

January 29—Great preparation for coming examinations. Tinney, Wrigley, Frazer and Troup discover the glories of a hobo's existence when they walked from Plymouth to our fair city a-la-railroad track, covering a distance of 28 miles in five hours. This was the result of a wager made at Plymouth on a particular Sunday.

January 30—Preparedness is in order. Exams begin Wednesday A. M. Junior Class Meeting at 11:30.

January 31—Exams.

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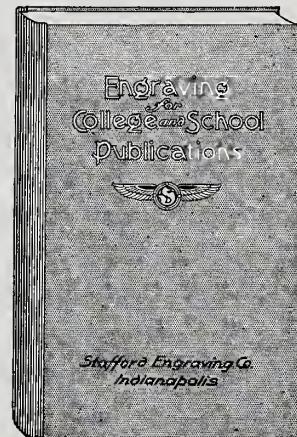
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February

Then came the cold gray morning,
And the great cloud mother said,
Now every little snowflake,
Must proudly lifts its head,
And thru the air go sailing,
'Till it finds a place to light,
For I must weave a coverlet,
To clothe the earth in white.

February 1—More exams.

February 2—Knowledge among the chosen ones seems to be scarce.

February 5—And Oh! What a weeping and wailing when the lost ones learned of their fate.

February 6—Senior Class Meeting preparatory to ordering of invitations.

February 7—Basket ball practice continued. Albert found the truth is bound to leak out.

February 8—Rev. Littrell lectured to us on countries of Europe. He has seen France, Belgium, Switzerland and Germany. He also left many foreign coins for our inspection with books and pictures of the various buildings and museums he had visited.

February 9—Girls and boys leave for North Manchester.

February 12—Evidence of cold weather. Most every one seems to have frozen memories.

February 14—St. Valentine's day. We feel sure the honored one received a valentine.

February 15—Glee Club practice at the new school building.

February 16—More Mice today in the Commercial Department. That's just where they should be.

February 19—Ben Deaton is urged to study by one fair with a wise head. Miss Jaques announces Glee Club Operetta to be given March 6-7.

February 20—Tuesday, Methodist Evangelical party entertained us for half an hour. The songs by Mr. Moon were especially appreciated, as well as the following story:
A little boy who was very fond of nature and loved to live near nature once captured several bumble bees and put them in a small can. He put the can in his pocket as is the habit of small boys and started to school. About the time he sat down in his seat the lid from the can came off and the boy very quickly rose up. The teacher ordered the youngster to be seated. The boy sat down again but the bees created a similar disturbance and he quickly rose again. The teacher quite angrily ordered him to sit down. He put up his plaintive voice and explained: "Please, ma'm, you don't know what's going on back here."

February 21—Tickets given out for the Operetta.

February 22—English classes take up their work in the Literary Digest.

February 23—Athletic Association picture taken, also of Literary Digest Club.

February 26—Tests in various subjects.

February 27—Mae "deliberates" on Civics.

February 28—Junior Class organizes. Rather a relief to certain Seniors.

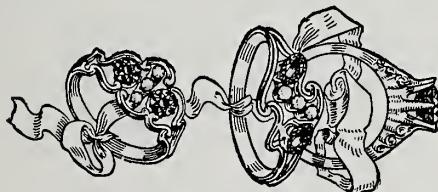
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March

Oh! March, sickle March, you are here,
With beautiful changeable skies,
That one day are solemn and stormy gray,
The next like a baby's blue eyes.
You tell us that spring time is right in your train,
That blossoms are hid beneath the snow.
That winter is over and summer is nigh,
That all will soon flourish and grow.

March 1—H. S. students decide to attend M. E. church in a body Friday eve.
March 2—Mr. Moon spoke to us on "Cigarettes."
March 5—Report cards handed out. Oh blasted hope!
March 6—Mr. Rhoads take unnecessary precaution in "bawling out" the most Angelie Sameranis. "Say, Miss Kutz, if you'll remove that sickly grin from off your countenance and get to work you might accidentally get something done."
March 7—First production of the Glee Club, "A Nautical Knot."
March 8—Girls' basket ball practice preparatory to meeting Milford Fri. eve.
March 9—Oh, day of bliss! Would that you came yet more often.
March 12—Monday. Mr. Robbins' usual morning service. Junior Class meeting.
March 13—Music Classes meet today.
March 14—Cast of Senior play practice.
March 15—Usual work.
March 16—Senior day. All members of the Class except a few pikers came to school arrayed in gingham aprons and house dresses and the boys in overalls and boots. The joke seems to be on the Seniors, however, for counting out amusement, very little disturbance was created.
March 19—A spring day!
March 20—Senior Class Meeting.
March 21—Junior Class Meeting.
March 22—Program! W's presented to six girls by Captain Catherine Philpott. Speeches were made by all members of the team each one extending a good wish to next year's team. Miss Jaques conducted music and Miss Faye Crites favored the members of the H. S. with a piano solo.
March 23—This day speaks joy within itself.
March 26—Tests seem in order if you want a grade this month.
March 27—Senior Class meeting. Members of the class decide that the Class Play, "The Freshman," shall be given at the Centennial. Forty-eight members pledged themselves to sell at least 10 tickets.
March 28—Junior Class meeting.
March 29—Sophomore Class meeting. Mr. Robbins approached the subject, "shall we have a new flag?" Pupils who have been forced to smother patriotism, "Yes."
March 30—A professor from Winona Federated Colleges spoke to us on Agriculture—what it means to future generations and what it means to us now.

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April

"Tis April of showers,
Who brings bright May flowers,
And makes purple violets grow.
The winter is past,
Spring's here at last,
April tells us 'tis true,
And we know.

April 2—Rev. Bacheture lectured to us on Armenia. It would be difficult for one to describe Armenian life and conditions as they really exist while that nation has been a subject to Turkey. Rev. Bacheture is all a patriotic American can be although he is an Armenian by birth. In his lecture he emphasized the fact that Americans do not appreciate their freedom and liberties. "Not until you have experienced capture and escape from such a country as Turkey will you appreciate the value of your flag." This is a warning.

April 3—Work continued. Eighth hour dismissed for remainder of the school term.

April 4—Junior Class meeting.

April 5—Senior Class play cast met at Miss Lillian Walton's for a picnic luncheon.

April 6—Patriotic meeting held in Assembly to stimulate patriotism. Speeches were made by Hon. Jesse Eschbach, Lieutenant Colonel Kilmer and Rev. Eakins.

April 9—School work continued.

April 10—A number of Seniors join Co. H. There are still a few who have "nerve." Red, white and blue raised to the top of the Court House. This is not high enough.

April 11—Patriotic day. W. H. S. dismissed to help celebrate. Senior class meeting to hand out tickets for class play.

April 12—Oh, Spring! Thy days are numbered for summer is on the wing.

April 13—Friday brings its glory.

April 16—Great preparation for Senior Class Play.

April 18—Invitations handed out.

April 20—Senior Class Play—Great success. One of the best plays staged in the new theatre by amateurs.

April 23—Spring fever. Oh, for a day of peace!

April 25—Tiger goes to press—life's labor lost.

April 27—Much picture taking in evidence.

April 30—Report cards again.

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May

Oh, May! you favor us well this year,
With your sunshine and bright sky,
'Tis the saddest day of all and 'tis near,
When we must say good bye.

Oh, May! your a pleasure this year,
With your sunshine and bright sky
But you bring a sad day to--'tis near
When we say good bye, to Warsaw High,
And all the glories here.

May 1—Juniors prepare for coming reception and banquet.

May 3—Freshies and Sophomores look on upper classmen with regret and envy. Cheer up, only two to four years.

May 5—if the future holds anything for Seniors; let us hope it is all the required credits.

May 8—Plans for Senior party or picnic enroute.

May 11—Just a week, Seniors, until your High School Life will blossom and then wither.

May 15—Some studious Seniors stubbornly refuse to cease applying their minds, others do so readily.

May 18—Junior-Senior banquet. Class Day—certainly an eventful day, but we cannot record all the events on account of lack of space.

May 20—Baccalaureate.

May 23—Commencement. Dr. George Richmond Grose, President of Depaw University delivers an address. Sheepskins handed out to 56 members.

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AFTERWORD

AND NOW OUR BOOK IS DONE.
WE TURN IT OER TO YOU.
MAY IT KEEP THE MEM'RIES
OF SCHOOL DAYS BRIGHT FOR YOU,
THE FACE OF A FRIEND OR TEACHER,
A GLIMPSE OF ROOM OR HALL,
ACCOUNTS OF YOUR SUCCESSES,
YOUR HAPPY MOMENTS ALL.

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